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No. 36262

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1955.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

New Buildings

THE draft of the new Building Regulations requires time for full assimilation, but first impressions are not unfavourable.

Modern architecture as well as constructional techniques demanded a whole-sale revision of the building regulations which served the Colony reasonably well for many years, and this treatment has certainly been applied.

Many people have observed with some regret the passing of the verandah designed city buildings. They were felt to serve a useful purpose as protection against the hot rays of the sun as well as wind-driven rain. Nevertheless it is true that the supporting pillars act as obstructions and none will feel affronted because this style of construction on streets is prohibited under the new regulations.

Presumably architects will welcome the new provisions concerning heights of buildings in that they promise less rigidity in design. They also allow for a greater volume of building at a higher level, helping therefore to meet the constant general demand for more accommodation.

TO tenants of new domestic buildings, one of the most appealing conditions laid down is that referring to air space. Air and ventilation are all important, particularly in the rapidly developing built-up residential areas. The check by jowl construction of residential flats is proceeding at what can almost be regarded as an alarming pace, one result being to place air and ventilation for some of the lower floor residences at a premium.

Less attractive a proposition is lower ceiling heights. It is acknowledged that in these days what is known as the "real old Hongkong style of building" is no longer feasible. On the other hand the proposed new minimum of nine feet for flat ceilings seems to be going to the other extreme.

The assurance is given that the new minimum ceiling heights will not affect the health of occupants, yet we imagine they could and probably would have a rather depressing effect. And it must be expected that in the majority of new buildings the official minimum will become the property owners' maximum. Further consideration might be given to this provision.

Talk Implies Rejection Of Force Says Senator

Washington, Oct. 21. Sen. Walter G. George took the position today that Red China's willingness to talk over mutual problems at Geneva amounts to a promise to "not to use force" in the Far East.

The Georgia Democrat was asked his views on a Peking radio broadcast which again vowed Red China's determination "to liberate" Formosa, by force, if necessary.

Sen. George, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was shown a headline which read: "Peking Turns Down Dulles On Renouncing Use Of Force."

At first, he said he did not know about the Peking threat and did not wish to comment, but later remarked:

"I thought that willingness to talk was an implied promise not to use force."

Sen. George has frequently called for a higher level talks between the United States and Red China.

He has specified, however, that the Reds should be willing to renounce the use of force before higher level talks are held.—United Press.

Three Seamen Rescued

Tokyo, Oct. 21. A Nationalist Chinese ship rescued three Japanese seamen from a storm-tossed sea while their small vessel was sinking, a radio message reported today.

The Chinese ship Foo-yo, sailing to Keelung, Formosa, sighted the rapidly-sinking Japanese vessel last night just off southwestern Japanese shores with five men clinging to it.

Chinese seamen pulled three of them from the sea but could not reach the other two before the storm-wrecked vessel sank, according to the ship's radio message.

The Japanese vessel was damaged by tropical storm Opal, which swept across Japan yesterday.—United Press.

ISTIQLAL'S BOMBSHELL

Reject Moroccan Throne Council ILLEGAL DECLARE NATIONALISTS

Rabat, Oct. 21. The Moroccan Nationalist Istiqlal Party, supporters of ex-Sultan Ben Youssef, today rejected the new-constituted Throne Council on the grounds that it had no legal authority.

The four-member Throne Council was set up earlier this month to form a new government and bring about constitutional reforms in Morocco.

The Istiqlal Executive Committee issued a communique tonight stating that while not opposed to the setting up of a Throne Council as such, they considered that the present body was not legally constituted.

The communique complained that the Council was called into being by a mere declaration by the 107-year-old, Grand Vizier, El Mokri, who in quoting ex-Sultan Ben Arafat (successor to Ben Youssef) in his terms of reference was therefore prolonging the existence of an illegal regime in the country.

Ineffective System

The communique went on to say that the Istiqlal "could not support a system which has already shown itself incapable of dispelling doubts and creating a peaceful climate indispensable for the success of all future undertakings."

The Istiqlal declaration went on to say that it viewed the Throne Council as a "provisional" but "necessary" institution pending a final decision on the problem of the Throne.

It called for the opening of further Franco-Moroccan talks to which it pledged "its loyalty and sincerity."

It concluded with an appeal to liberal opinion in France that "past errors should be repaired without delay" so that confidence could be restored and a new era of liberty and prosperity for all be established.—France-Press.

Lancashire Workers Agree To A Three-Shift Day

Manchester, Oct. 21. For the first time in the history of the British cotton industry, workers have agreed to the principle of the three-shift working day.

Leaders of about 100,000 men and women in the weaving section of the industry—the General Council of the Weavers Amalgamation—voted in favour of permitting a night shift "subject to certain terms and conditions."

Mr Lewis Wright, General Secretary of the Weavers Amalgamation, said here today that the terms and conditions to be put forward would be such that "only the most up-to-date and efficient firms will be able to meet them."

Any agreement with employers, he said, would probably be confined to those mills working automatic looms, and of the 250,000 looms in Lancashire only one-eighth were automatic.

Women, who form a large proportion of workers in the weaving industry, are precluded by law from night working, so that if agreement is reached only a small percentage of workers will be involved.

"If the agreement means the introduction of more and more automatic looms, then so much the better for Lancashire," Mr Wright said.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 3: The astonishing story of Grandpa Moses, by John Marshall Glick.

P. 6: "Blinkie" Beaumont's Show Blues, by John Barber.

P. 7: Sea of Hate, by Sefton Delmer. Guests today do not pull their weight, says Lady Pakenham.

P. 8: Along Hell Road, by Richard Fape. Fame is his business, by Dean Jennings.

P. 13: The mind factory of Mao Tse-tung, by Lily Abegg.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Circus Owner Charged With Homicide

Rome, Oct. 21. An Italian circus owner was charged with culpable homicide today in the death of a pretty French trapeze artist who plunged from her lofty swing before a Rome audience of 2,500 persons.

The police authorities accused the owner, Aristide Togni, of negligence in failing to supply a safety net for Jacqueline Redat, 28-year-old aerial artist.

Jacqueline, who appeared in the American film "The Greatest Show on Earth," slipped from a trapeze, from which she had been hanging by her heels, last September 17.

She fell 30 feet, crashing to the saddest floor before a horrified first night audience that included movie stars and prominent Italians.

The police charged that the circus owner violated two articles of an Italian law which required safety precautions at governing safety precautions at public spectacles.—United Press.

110,000 New Identity Cards Issued In Colony

The Commissioner of Registration, Mr R. A. Bates, announced this morning that the work of his mobile registration and photographic team has been completed.

More than 110,000 new identity cards, including 10,000 for the New Territories, have been issued by the mobile team since it first began operations in February of this year. In addition over 12,000 cards reported lost have been replaced.

With the aim of ensuring that all persons of registrable age, that is, twelve years of age or over by English reckoning, possess identity cards which they can produce when required, the mobile team paid visits, sometimes on two or three occasions, to all the urban areas and to the principal towns, villages and islands in the New Territories.

ALMOST UP-TO-DATE

The Commissioner states that the general public is taking a more responsible interest in registration due to the over-increasing uses to which identification is being put, one of the most recent examples being the Urban Council Electoral Register.

He considers that well 95 per cent of the local population who are twelve years old or over now possess identity cards. However, it is apparent that some people have not yet taken advantage of the facilities offered by his mobile team during the past eight months.

The Commissioner points out that all persons not specially exempted under the Registration of Persons Ordinance who have attained the age of twelve by English reckoning, regardless of nationality or occupation, whether employed or unemployed and with or without permanent residential addresses, are required to register for identity cards within seven days of their arrival in the Colony or after attaining the age of twelve years. Born-ide travellers in possession of valid travel documents are among those persons exempted.

FINAL APPEAL

The Commissioner again appeals to all unregistered residents to obtain identity cards by visiting his North Point Office before the end of this month. He adds that if this final appeal is unsuccessful, it may be necessary to announce a time limit beyond which any unregistered person may be liable to prosecution. The Commissioner adds that he may also be obliged to take stronger action to ensure that relatives of deceased persons return invalid identity cards for cancellation, a requirement that has not been sufficiently observed in the past.

Dulles Departs

Washington, Oct. 21. The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, left Washington by air today for talks in Rome and in Paris and for the Big Four foreign ministers' conference in Geneva next Thursday.—Reuter.

PRINCESS AND TOWNSEND AGAIN DINE TOGETHER

London, Oct. 21. Group Captain Townsend and Princess Margaret met here again tonight, after trying to elude pursuers.

They went separately to London's Chelsea district, to dine with Mr and Mrs Michael Brand, members of Margaret's intimate circle of friends. Varying the custom of previous meetings at the home of friends, the Princess tonight slipped out of Clarence House in her Rolls Royce, dodged following cars, and arrived first.

Group Captain Townsend did not get there until 20 minutes later.

Earlier Townsend had spent the rainy London day indoors in his temporary home in Lowndes Square as opinion swung strongly to the belief that he and the Princess are hesitating about marriage.

He was visited by a friend, Lord Roderick Pratt, and by his tailor, who fitted him for a new suit. Otherwise the 41-year-old divorced air attaché seemed uncertain about his plans for the first time since he arrived last week on leave from Brussels.

MAKES NO MOVE

First he sent out a message to the reporters and photographers camped outside his temporary home in Lowndes Square that he expected to go out about 2.30 p.m.

Usually he leaves on the promised stroke of the hour. But today the time came and he went and Townsend did not emerge.

Then he let it be known he would leave between four and 4.30 p.m. but the clock ticked on long past this scheduled time and the Group Captain still stayed home.

While he waited he sat at a window writing and poring over papers.—Reuter.

EDITOR BERATED

London, Oct. 21. Princess Margaret's reported romance with Group Captain Peter Townsend today fired off a battle between Lord Beaverbrook's Evening Standard and Malcolm Muggeridge, Editor of the weekly humorous magazine Punch.

The evening newspaper berated Mr Muggeridge for being "offensive" to the Royal family in an article he wrote today in the weekly left-wing periodical New Statesman and Nation.

Under the heading "Royal Soap Opera," Mr Muggeridge wrote: "The simple fact is that the United States presidency today is a far more dignified institution than the British monarchy."

He said he suspected that members of the Royal family "develop a taste for the publicity which, in theory, they find so repugnant."

Saying he believed it true that Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend "just loved" what they read about themselves in the Sunday

newspapers, Mr Muggeridge commented: "This sort of thing is expected of Rita Hayworth, but the application of film star techniques to representatives of a monarchical institution is liable to have, in the long run, disastrous consequences."

"OFFENSIVE"

The Evening Standard declared that Mr Muggeridge had "outstripped all his previous attempts" in being offensive.

The fact that Princess Margaret is faced with an appalling difficult decision in which she must weigh the conflict between her personal right to marry whom she pleases with the views of church leaders on divorce does not deter Mr Muggeridge for a moment, the newspaper's editorial said.

It added: "The Queen and indeed all the members of the Royal family are now carrying on the Royal tradition with unflinching dignity and success in circumstances that have rarely been more difficult."

"Mr Muggeridge may sneer as much as he likes but the position of the Throne has never been less open to challenge," the Standard said.

Malcolm Muggeridge, 52, was assistant editor of the Conservative newspaper Daily Telegraph till two years ago when he took over Punch replacing its rather archaic humour with modern satire. He has also made a reputation as a television personality.—China Mail Special.

Market Place Outrage

Casablanca, Oct. 21.

Terrorists today threw a grenade at four French police vans in a crowded market place in the centre of the Arab quarter of Casablanca, killing one man and injuring eight others.

Four French policemen were hurt by the explosion. Other policemen leapt out of the van and opened fire on the attackers with tommy guns as dozens of panic-stricken Arab shoppers ran screaming from the scene.

They killed a 65-year-old beggar and four other Moroccan were injured. It was not known if the terrorists were hit.—Reuter.

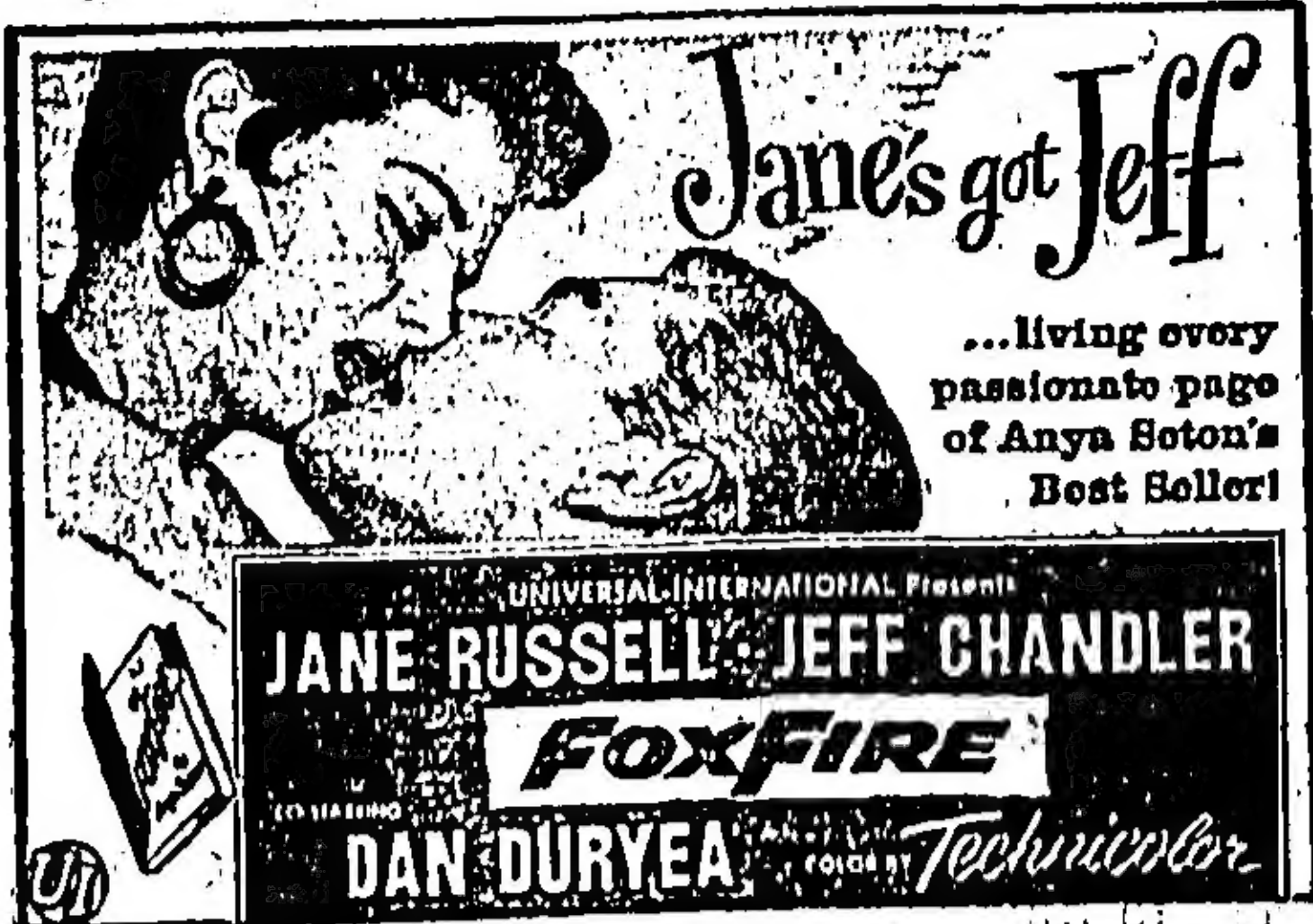
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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S At 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.

Paramount presents
"POPEYE, THE SAILOR"
Variety Programme of
Technicolor Cartoons

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
Extra Show at 12.20 p.m.

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Coming! Coming!

Antony Steel in
"PASSAGE HOME"

With Peter Finch — Diane Cilento

A story of the sea, of seamen, of a ship and . . . of a woman called Ruth

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 Noon

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

"KNIGHT OF THE
ROUND TABLE"
with Robert Taylor
and Ava Gardner

"VALLEY OF THE KINGS"
with Robert Taylor
and Eleanor Parker

CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

"KING KONG"
An RKO Picture

"SANDS OF IWO JIMA"
A Republic Picture

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

"Foxfire" is the taming of Jeff Chandler by Jane Russell.

And what a snarling, bad-tempered animal he is. Miss Russell, who plays a wealthy young woman from the fashionable east coast of America meets him while on holiday "stumbling" on a ranch in Arizona. It's one of those ranches where it would not be unexpected to find even the horses having their toe-nails pain ed, and the fenseness of the life is quite obvious to her.

Inwardly bored by it all, she meets a good-looking young mining engineer, deeply interested in his job and as deeply conscious of his Apache blood. He's not allowed much chance to get away, by the whirlwind tactics of Jane Russell, and very early on in the picture they are married, to the disgust, naturally of her background-conscious mother.

In spite of Jane Russell's well conveyed understanding of her husband's tender spot about his past, he doesn't respond as well as he should. Perhaps she makes it too obvious that she realises that he has a problem that needs sorting out.

His undoubted ability at his job doesn't extend as far as common sense and his male pride kicks against the idea of manual help. He is like a sulky young boy refusing assistance in case anyone should think him weak, and too immature to see that it would take more courage to give in and accept it.

Shut out of his life, Jane Russell turns, in his innocence to his friend. On her side it's partly the crushing spirit again—the DRINKS!—and partly from an honest desire for friendship.

A Chastened

Dan Duryea

Just here I'm afraid the psychological angle got a bit out of hand. For a sensible, mentally balanced girl such as the script writer intended Jane Russell to be, to tow such obvious doubts as to her sincerity in her husband's mind, without realising she was doing it, seemed naive, to say the least.

Dan Duryea is the doctor friend, and given a fairly sympathetic part for once, he does a lot with it. Gone are his gruff, woman-slapping habits of previous pictures. He smiles without making it look wolf-like and he even remembers to take his hat off in the presence of females!

He is much more of a real person than Jeff Chandler, and his problems more deep-seated and insoluble than Chandler's are left in the script writer's "Too Difficult" tray. A sultry looking piece called Mara Corday is given him as a sop when it becomes evident that Jane Russell isn't going to fall for his line—but it's pretty conclusively shown that she's not going to hold him for long and I was left feeling quite sorry for him.

In spite of the outdoor locations of much of this picture, it is more of a conversation piece than an action drama, so when you read that Jeff Chandler is once again portraying a Red Indian, don't expect to see Jane Russell tied to a tree and Jeff Chandler brandishing a tomahawk in her face.

Hollywood History

Lesson

"The Virgin Queen" has not yet been previewed but the outline of the story may help as a guide.

Queen Elizabeth is going her autocratic way when Raleigh crosses her path with some empire-building schemes that take her fancy. It's not only his plans for increasing the material wealth of England that please Her Majesty however, and he is not left in much doubt as to how far he can go or perhaps it would be truer to say "how near he may approach".

In common with many of her courtiers, although Raleigh is

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Jules Verne's fabulous story is given a face-lift for present day minds. It is well presented and from the adventure point of view, gripping. James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Waterloo Bridge". The love story of two people from different walks of life. Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Foxfire". A love affair between a half caste Apache Indian and an American socialite. Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Big Combo". Crime and detection mixed with brutality. Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte and Brian Donlevy.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Virgin Queen". Bette Davis is once more Elizabeth of England. Richard Todd is Raleigh and Joan Collins is Beth Throgmorton, lady-in-waiting. Essex is conspicuously absent.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Seven Little Foys". The hectic on-stage and behind-the-scenes story of the life of comedian Eddie Foy.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.

"Passage Home". A good British picture telling the story of a modern Captain Bligh. Peter Finch, Diane Cilento and Anthony Steel.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Streetcar Named Desire". The full gamut of human emotions. Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Story of Verdi". The dying composer looks back over his life. In Ferrandicolor and with the voices of Tito Gobbi and Mario del Monaco.

prepared to bow the knee and give public assurances of his devotion, his heart is elsewhere. Although I have not yet seen the picture, I have a very good idea of Bette Davis' portrayal of Elizabethan rage when she discovers that her gallant Sir Walter has been making a fool of her with her provocative lady-in-waiting, played by Joan Collins.

Richard Todd is the adventurer who is credited with introducing tobacco into society—as well as being gallant, or quick-witted enough to fling his cloak across a puddle in the interests of his future.

Raleigh has always seemed to me to have been a bit of a hard-headed opportunist, but as he and Joan Collins supply the love interest in this Cinemascope piece of history, I expect he has been treated more kindly.

The ambition of Essex led him to the block. The last scene of "The Virgin Queen" shows Raleigh and his Beth sailing to America with the blessing of the Queen, and in those scheming times you must have been pretty hard-headed to have managed to keep it on your shoulders. Raleigh managed to preserve his until the reign of James I.

Brilliant Acting

By Vivien Leigh

"A Streetcar Named Desire" was written as a play by Tennessee Williams — a man well known for his outspoken approach to the more seamy side of life and for his forthright opinions.

I have never seen the play, but it is difficult to see how it could have been more unflinching than the film.

The picture is frightening in its hopelessness and in its acceptance of evil. It draws a picture of base feelings, cunning stupidity and the triumph of male over female. If it were not for the superb performances of Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter I could wish I had never seen it, so morbid is the subject.

Vivien Leigh and her sister Kim Hunter are the last members of an old southern family whose lands have been slowly dissipated by successively decadent generations. Kim has left the home and married a Pole; she finds a certain rough contentment with him. Their

attraction for each other is entirely physical and there are many brawls and reconciliations, but these she has learned to treat philosophically and to come to terms with the rough slum neighbourhood in which they live.

In this love nest comes Vivien Leigh. She professes herself to be disgusted with the sordid home and her sister's brutish husband, attempting to turn her against him. Slowly however, little stories about the sort of life she has led in the intervening years trickle through and we begin to see the turmoil and twilight in which her mind really lives.

When the veil hiding her past is finally torn down it is too much for her sanity and the pitiful picture of this fading woman being led away against a background of indifferent shrugs from all but her sister will remain in my mind for a long time.

There is much of the realistic Italian atmosphere in this film. The seedy, broken-down apartment has been photographed in all its squalor and the noisy, bawling, dirty street running past it could almost be walked on, so clever is the camera work. But it is Vivien Leigh's performance that commands the overall attention.

She is by turns wheedling, bitter, coy, self-pitying, violent and terrifyingly frightened. Kim Hunter is a perfect foil for her and even the strong performance of Marlon Brando fails to surpass that of this English actress.

It Was Very

Very Funny

I'm not going to apologise for reviewing "How To Be Very, Very Popular" after it's finished, because I feel it had too short a run and a lot more people are going to want to see it.

Allowing for personal taste—and after all, even a critic can be forgiven for this—I would say that it's one of the cheeriest films I've seen for some time.

Crossing the road to the Roxy in the dark—as, in common with many of their pictures this one wasn't previewed to the press and it was necessary to see it after its general release—I wasn't particularly thrilled at the prospect of spending an evening viewing the rather dumb "Miss Grable" making

like a college girl", as I believe the American expression to be, or seeing the Marilyn Monroe substitute, Sherree North on her mettle.

However, once I'd got into the theatre and become used to the somewhat obvious make-up that made both girls look as though they were running a temperature, it began to be fun. Robert Cummings' rubbery mouth is not my idea of the ultimate in male beauty—though his sense of comedy timing is perfect; nor is a hypnotised girl, the most original subject around which to build a farce, but I have to admit that some of the scenes had me laughing to the point of hysteria.

They weren't new—people have been hit on the head by someone who thinks they're someone else sufficiently often for it to have ceased to be funny many years ago—so why should it be so hilarious when it happens to Fred Clark? Expelled students of an American college have been hidden away by well-meaning friends so that an ambitious father, son is still being educated, many times before, so why is it so funny when it happens to Orson Bean?

I just don't know the answer—all I know is that if "How To Be Very, Very Popular" may not be the funniest, or the best produced, or the slickest picture this year—if it comes on a second time, try to see it. It's a sure cure for the miseries!

Retrospect Of

A Dying Man

Verdi is a dying man when "The Story of Verdi" opens and the picture takes the audience into his past as he slowly reviews his triumphs, sorrows and struggles.

It attempts to show the influence of his private life over his compositions.

Not all his works have been successful and as each peak of joy or sadness in his life has been reached, it is identified with an opera, sometimes good, sometimes poor.

The cast is entirely Italian and none of the names are familiar to me, but the singing comes from two very well known operatic voices—Mario del Monaco and Tito Gobbi. It has been photographed in Ferrandicolor.

A Long Run

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" continues its successful run at the Queen's Empire and Alhambra over the week-end and will probably continue until the middle of next week. This is good family stuff, suitable for children and adults.

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

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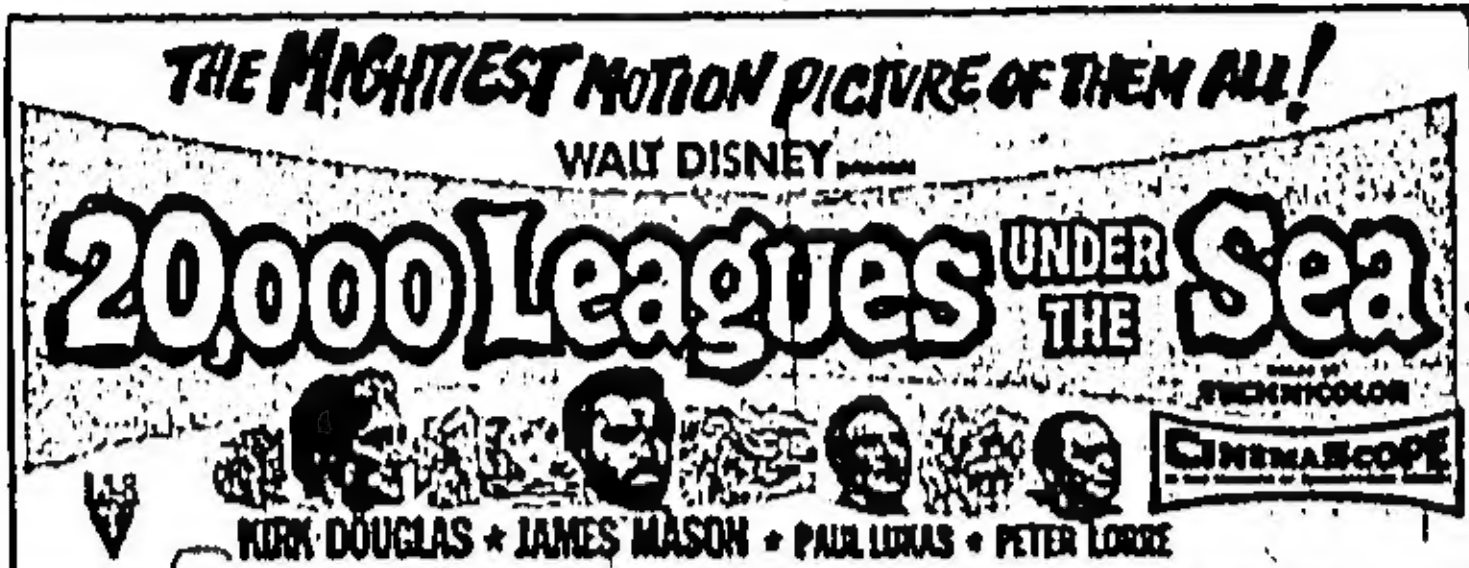
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2nd SMASH WEEK



NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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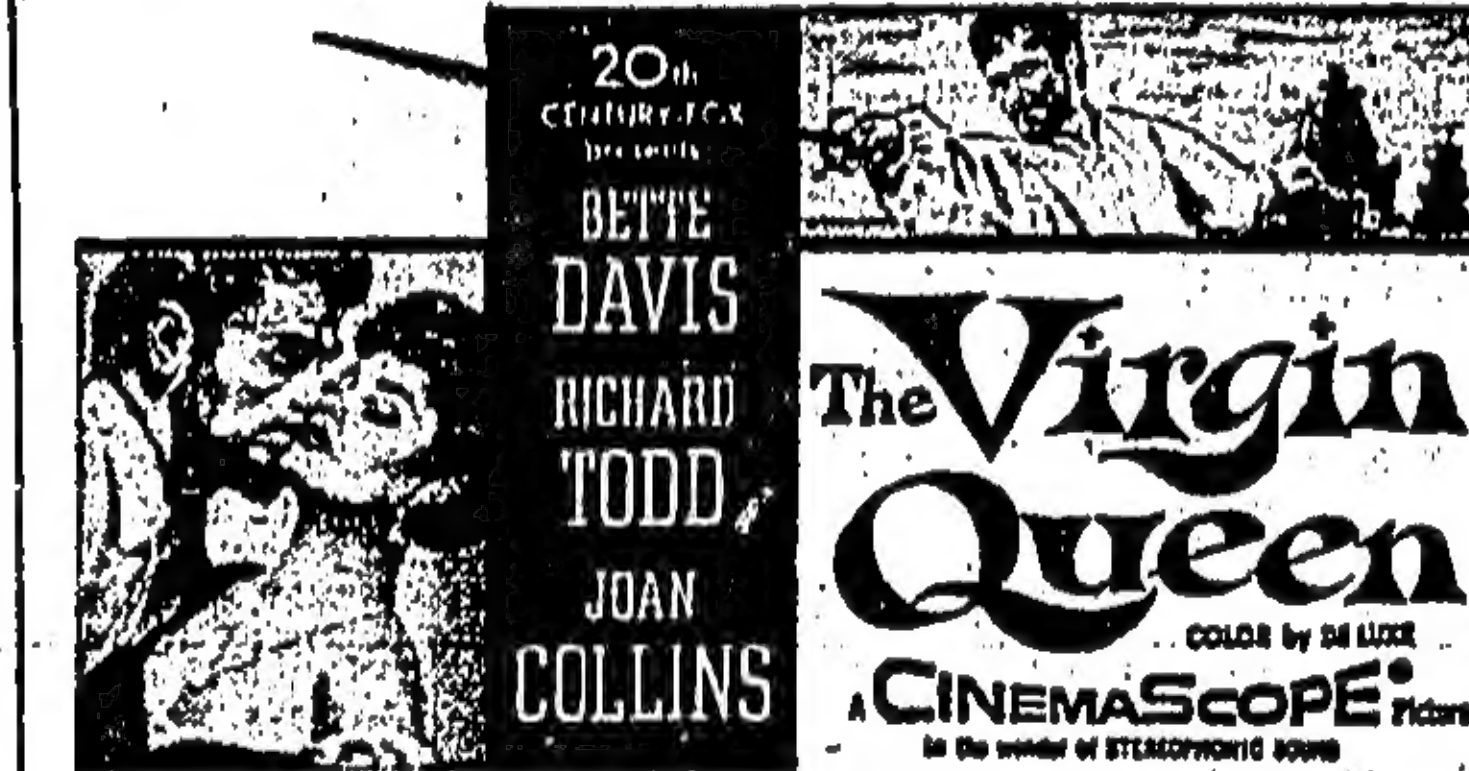


ALSO: LATEST BRITISH-GAUMONT NEWS

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Walt Disney's "PETER PAN"
GREAT WORLD: FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
ENGLAND'S MIGHTIEST PERIOD LIVES AGAIN!



ROXY: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance of "THE VIRGIN QUEEN" At 12 Noon

BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.00 Noon

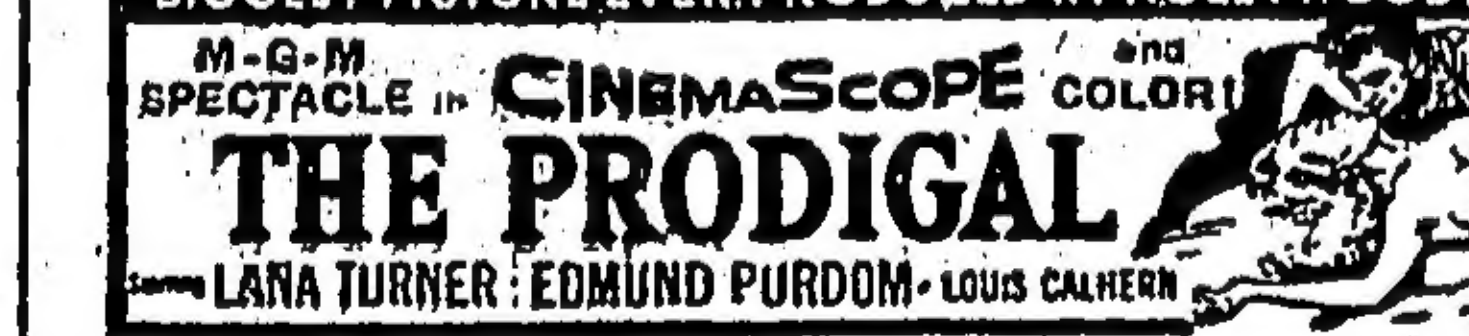
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Stewart Granger in "PRISONER OF ZENDA" M-G-M Film

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Mothers & Children Will Like This Liner

Montreal. When the Canadian Pacific Steamships' new, 26,000-ton liner Empress of Britain makes her maiden voyage to Canada next spring, a lot of compliments will probably go to the men who built her.

But according to a spokesman at the company's headquarters here, much of the ship was built with women in mind. The feminine touch ranges from special tones in the light arrangements to individual washing machines and gadgets for heating babies' bottles. The spokesman said that when plans for passenger accommodation were being completed aboard the liner in a Scots shipyard, a selection of bionics, brunettes and redheads went aboard.

They were cosmetics supplied by the world's leading manufacturers and toured special rooms and cabins to determine the most flattering combinations of light and color to their complements.

Not Special Cabins That doesn't mean that the Empress of Britain will have special cabins for blondes, brunettes, redheads or other hair colors women might think up. It won't.

But experts decided after looking at the made-up models in different lights and against varied color backgrounds that the colors used would be good and ivory with "deluxe warm white."

They said make-up applied in private accommodation under fluorescent lighting showed up best with the gold-and-ivory background.

For children, the playroom and nursery walls will be covered with plastic-based paint, because it's easier to wash after youngsters' play do the same as mop up often do ashore and mark up the walls.

The playroom will have "stardust yellow" walls, curtains in colorful prints and bright seat-covers.

Murals will show elephants and other jungle animals and a huge blackboard will be on one wall complete with a big supply of multi-colored chalk.

Washing Machines Women with young children and clothes and nappy-washing problems will get a break aboard the liner which will be manned mostly by British crewmen. A laundrette at the after end of "C" deck will be equipped with six automatic washing machines and six cordless electric irons.

There is also a tourist-class playroom which will feature a miniature navigation bridge complete with ship's wheel and engine-room telegraph, a slide and a log-cabin dolls' house. There also will be a special stage for puppet shows—United Press.

From Chicago:

Railroad Companies Plan Radical New Trains For America.

From London:

Sailing To America In A 37-ft Lifeboat.

From Vatican City:

Who Said Latin Is An Archaic Language?

From Madrid:

Spaniards Rebuked For Adopting An American Custom.

RADICAL NEW TRAIN DESIGNS FOR AMERICA

REVOLUTION OF The RAILROADS

Chicago. American railroads are banking on radical new train designs—lighter, faster, more comfortable coaches and pullmans—to lift their money-losing passenger services out of their present depression.

They hope to lure travellers from airlines, bus lines and private cars with innovations in speed and luxury. At the same time, the new trains would carry more passengers at less operating cost and help wipe out the \$700,000,000 a year deficit now plaguing the railroad companies.

In a year or two your train ride may be in a high, double-deck coach with seating area "upstairs."

and lavatories and baggage compartments "downstairs."

Or, depending on which railroad you take, it may be in a low-slung car where you step down into the seating area as if entering a sunken living room.

Aerotrain

Some of the new trains are already in service. The more revolutionary ones are still in the testing stage and will not carry their first paying passengers until next year or later.

Chicago saw one of the most unusual new trains at the recent General Motors Powerama Exhibition. It is GM's "aerotrain," which the New York Central plans to put in service for the first time on its Chicago-Detroit run next spring.

The cars are an adaptation of a 40-passenger bus General Motors manufactures for inter-city bus routes. The train car is 18 inches wider than the bus, however, providing wider seats and greater aisle space. Ten cars will be drawn by a specially-designed single-unit diesel.

So light is the aluminum-bodied aerotrain, according to the makers, it can haul 400 passengers from Chicago to New York for about \$125 worth of fuel at a top speed of 102 mph.

The lightweight "Talpo" train that has been used in Spain for six years will be introduced to Americans in December as the "let rocket" on the Chicago-Peoria run of the Rock Island Railroad. American Car and Foundry Co. describes it as a modernized, more flexible version of the Spanish "Talpo."

Each car is made up of three joined units which allow the train to bend more readily.

This, along with a lower center of gravity, reduces side sway and permits greater speed rounding curves. The "Talpo" car weighs only half as much as a standard coach.

Another train of low centre of gravity is being built by the Budd Co. of Philadelphia for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Like the Talpo, it employs the tubular principle of construction.

Low-slung

The Budd train, which the Pennsylvania will put into operation early next year, will consist of seven coaches seating 574 passengers, plus a separate car for lighting, heating and air conditioning units. The floor of the train is only 22 inches above the rails, compared with 51 inches on ordinary trains.

Budd also is building a self-propelled coach car called the "Hot Rod" for the New Haven Railroad. Each of the six cars in the train is equipped with two 300-horsepower diesel engines.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I don't know how the Russians do it—most folks, when they drink vodka, will say yes to almost anything!"

Now They're Wooing Wives With Orchids

Big business concerns throughout the United States are wooing the wives of their workers with orchids and roses, gold brooches and bracelets—and the new strategy is paying dividends. Companies report a "gratifying" rise in sales and productivity, fewer accidents and even fewer strikes.

"We are aware of the power of a woman," said Mr. L. C. Fill, industrial relations director of one of America's largest manufacturers of gas stoves.

"They can influence their husbands in many constructive ways, and if the wives are a good influence, the company benefits."

Some firms have confined their courtship of the wives to such special goals as union elections and safety programs. But many more companies are beginning to realize the value of the little "personal touch" in finding the way to a woman's heart.

Hospital Flowers

When the wife of one big steel corporation employee enters a hospital, the company sends a beautiful potted plant or basket of flowers. And when one of the corporation's workers is honored for 25 years' service, the company remembers his wife with a gold brooch. If her husband wins a "major suggestion award," the wife is presented with an orchid.

A big fabrics firm sends a dozen red roses to the wives of its executives' 20 leading salesmen each year.

And personal notes go to the brides of members of their sales staff, as well as to the wives of all new salesmen.

A company chief said: "If a wife is unhappy because her husband is away from home four nights a week, we explain the reasons for his absence. Otherwise she may influence him to leave the job."

"It costs us about \$1,000 to train a salesman and we do not want to spend this money only to see it wasted."

New York.

When a chemical company decided to strengthen its safety program, it presented electric clocks to all employees' wives who were able to give the firm's current safety slogan to a telephone questioner. A petroleum company gives a party for workers and families whenever a plant completes 1,000,000 man-hours without a "lost-time accident."

Sailing To New York In A Life Boat

London. Bearded French-Canadian Daniel Martell, 35, who works for an American bridge building firm, has decided it is time he reported back to the company's office in Pittsburgh. So this month he leaves Kingston, Surrey, for New York in a 37ft. lifeboat.

"I know it's the wrong time of the year for an Atlantic crossing and we expect to meet 100 mph winds," but I've got to be in America by February," he said.

With him goes a 30-year-old Scot, Mr. Robert Ross, who has just signed on with the firm. The crew is a former Royal National Lifeboat Institution boat which has saved many lives.

The two men are using the original engine and are also taking sails.

"But fair winds are unlikely in winter and we shall take about 1,000 gallons of fuel in case we have to motor all the way," said Mr. Ross.

Little Space

The fuel, food and water will take up most of the space below decks, leaving little living room. "Someone will have to be on deck all the time so we can't need much cabin space," said Mr. Martell.

The lifeboat, now at Birkbeck, will be brought to Kingston soon so that the two men, who are in lodgings at Suburban Road, Kingston, can modify her for the voyage.

The crossing will take about two months. From New York the men will travel to the office to receive orders for a new job, preferably in South America or Australia.

"And we shall sail to our new job in the lifeboat—we've got it," added Mr. Martell.

Speed Sled Records 1,280 mph

Los Angeles. An unmanned rocket sled reached a record land speed of 1,280 mph in a Navy test on the Mojave Desert but scientists said that record would soon be broken.

Mr. W. D. Drinkwater, operations consultant at the Naval Ordnance test station at China Lake, Calif., disclosed that the record was set in a routine test.

"Higher speeds are expected in the near future," he told the opening session of a three-day high-speed track symposium here.

The previous record for an unmanned sled was 1,100 miles an hour set on a 10,000-foot track at Edwards Air Force Base last spring.

The navy sled hit its peak velocity two seconds after 10 rocket motors with a total thrust of 50,000 pounds sent it on its way on steel-shod runners.

The sleds are used in testing aerospace armament, pilot escape system and missile components.

Lt.-Col. John P. Stapp, research surgeon from the Holloman Air Development center in New Mexico, also addressed the meeting. Col. Stapp, who rode a sled while it hit a speed of 632 miles per hour last year, said he next will try to ride a rocket sled at 1,000 miles per hour or more.

He said he would be lashed on the sled with a wind screen in front of him in the test to study the effect of extreme winds on the human body.—United Press.

News In The Air PLANES CAUGHT BY 'WASH'

London. NEW tests have been carried out into the dangers of one aeroplane following too closely in the wake of another.

There have been several cases, at least one with fatal results, of a smaller aeroplane getting tossed about by turbulence created by another machine ahead.

Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation officials say that the danger does not come from the engines of the leading aircraft. Disturbance from engines dies away quickly.

The danger lies in rotating air disturbances trailing behind each wing and dying out so slowly that severe turbulence may be encountered a mile and a half behind the aeroplane.

Flight tests have discovered that an aeroplane caught in such a wash gets a tendency to roll, and in certain conditions rolling cannot be checked.

Viscounts now in airline service in different parts of the world have now flown about 180,000 hours and are adding about 3,000 hours every week.

Orders for Britain's best-selling airliner—the world's first with propeller-jet engines—now total 234, and Vickers estimate that by 1958 Viscounts will be flying about 1,200 hours every day.

Seventy-one Viscounts have so far been delivered.

A FORK IS A FORK!

Not A Shovel

Madrid. The introduction into Europe of the American custom of eating with the fork in the right hand after first cutting the meat, was depicted by the newspaper "ABC".

"Over the last 20 years we have evolved a way of eating with the knife and fork which was simple and even aesthetic."

"But suddenly the European table is invaded by a revolution. Those who really feel their continent's firm, resist, but those who are weaker have fallen or are about to fall."

"Already some unfortunate people are imitating the table manners of the athletic young man from the west."

"We appeal to our fellows of this small Europe where we have been active for two thousand years in 'civilized' (civilization) to eat with the fork in their left hand"—China Mail Special.

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LATIN CATCHES UP ON THE GAME OF FOLLIS PEDUMQUE LUDUS

If the ancient Romans had played football, they would have called it *follis pedumque ludus*.

And a counterfactual would not have shot a goal, but rather follis in portum ingrederetur.

Such are the decisions of one of the foremost Latin experts in the world, Monsignor Antonio Bagel, secretary of Latin letters of the Holy See.

CONVERSION THROUGH SURGERY?

Johannesburg. A Johannesburg brain surgeon performed an operation on a man who had served three prison sentences totalling 18 years. The operation—a leucotomy—was performed at the patient's request as a last effort to control that portion of his brain which directs his actions along unlawful channels. This middle-aged man—a qualified accountant—has been sentenced for fraud, burglary and impersonation. The surgeon who performed the operation said that it would be made possible to assess the result could be assessed.—China Mail Special.

The findings are published in the third edition of Mons. Bagel's Lexicon which translates into Latin new words that have crept into the world's language since Nero played a fiddle and Rome burned down.

Entitled "Italian-Latin vocabulary of modern and difficult words to translate," the new edition contains 10,000 words, or 3,000 new additions.

In Latin the book is called "Lexicon Eorum Vocabulorum Quae Difficilius Latine Redundunt."

Previous editions have been considered invaluable to Latin students, ecclesiastical figures as well as those diplomats who occasionally must express themselves in the ancient tongue.

Mons. Bagel, 70, said his Lexicon represents the better part of 12 years' labour. "Many words in English or Italian require more words in Latin," he explained.

Also variations or meanings and the general subject take a lot of explanation. "Radar, for example, required two pages," said Mons. Bagel. "Football requires three words."

"Naturally," he added, "there was no rubber bladder, pedumque means foot. And ludus to play."

Aeroplane came rather easily—and in one word: "Vellivolium."—United Press.

A Transparent Woman Has Her Voice Changed

Boston. A transparent woman who arrived here from Germany the other day already had lost her German accent.

But it took a lot of work. The nameless glass lady was imported by the Massachusetts Heart Association. With her internal organs illuminated, she will be a "talky" exhibit at the Boston Museum of Science to show visitors how the human body functions.

An aluminium skeleton with piezoelectric "skin" is a transparent woman is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 88 pounds. On her arrival she spoke English with such pronunciation as "muskels" for muscles and "pente" for pen.

So Mrs. Elizabeth Kitham of Framingham, a radio-TV personality, was engaged to re-record the script in good English.—United Press.



PRINCESS MARGRETHE, 15-year-old heir to the Danish throne, now in England for a year's course at the North Foreland Lodge School, Hampshire, is pictured here on her way to a Sunday morning communion service with the headmistress, Miss Fenella Gammell. The pretty Princess is one of 90 pupils at the school. Her father, King Frederick, stipulated: "She must be treated like all other girls." (Express)



LEFT: Britain's blonde, buxom Diana Dors, who usually plays sinky, seductive roles in her films, undergoes a drastic switch of type in her new picture, "Yield To The Night." The film is based on the novel, "Who Lie In Jail" by Joan Henry, and in it Diana plays a condemned murderess. She is shown here in a scene from the film. (Express)



MR. Martin Ledermann, author of a book on how to lose weight, "The Slim Gourmet," has just arrived in Britain after a European tour during the course of which he observed the diet habits of people in different countries. (Express)



TEST pilot John Cunningham (left) and his co-pilot, Peter Bugge, shown before the Comet II airliner after they had taken it on a 10,000 mile proving flight to Africa and back to Britain. It was the first overseas flight of a Comet since the two disasters more than 18 months ago. Cunningham said he was satisfied with the tests. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SIR GERALD KELLY, peppery, 76-year-old former President of the Royal Academy, is selling a large part of his art collection in order to buy the house he has known as home for the past 42 years. So under the auctioneer's hammer will come fine furniture, Chinese porcelain and a bronze figure by Rodin. (Express)



MODERN England is still the land of historical customs, and there are few places where ceremonial is so much to the fore as the Tower of London. Installation was held there the other day of Field Marshal Lord Wilson as Constable of the Tower. Highlight of the ceremony was the handing over of the Tower keys, as shown above. (Express)

LEFT: Leonora Mila, 13-year-old Spanish girl pianist, was given 15 minutes to leave the Albert Hall, London, after she gave a concert there. An inspector of the London County Council was there to enforce it because, being a child artist, she had to abide by this regulation. Said one critic: "She played with the composure of a veteran." (Express)



SCREEN actress Eunice Gayson as she looked at the premiere in London of the new mystery play, "The Whole Truth." She is wearing a pink duster coat trimmed with ermine. (Express)

BELOW: The park keeper in St James's Park, London, gathers in dead autumn leaves with rake and besom. The leaves can no longer be burned, as the Park is in the newly-constituted smokeless zone in which it is hoped to eliminate London's worst enemy—Smog. (Army News)



JOHN CLARKE, 18-year-old soldier, had his hair cut in the style of Mohican Red Indian braves, and when he returned to Norton Manor Camp, near Taunton, Somerset, he was met by war whoops from the men. Nothing in regulations forbids such a haircut. The drill sergeant, said Clarke, told him to "double to the Quartermaster's store to draw a tomahawk." Clarke's CO was quite upset. "I wouldn't like to tell what he said," commented "the Mohican." (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

THE CALL-UP by GILES



"Attention, please, gentlemen. The only cutting we're doing round here today is your 'air'." London Express Service

One of the world's strangest stories... For 77 years she was unknown—then she bought paint and brushes. This year 20,000,000 Christmas cards bear the name of

GRANDMA MOSES

By JOHN MARSHALL

IN the year 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States of America, there was born on a remote farm in Washington County, New York State, to Margaret Shannah Robertson, wife of Russell King Robertson, a girl who was named Anna Mary because her mother didn't like the combination Mary Anne.

An unremarkable event, you would think, especially as Anna Mary was one of ten children, and more especially against a background of history on which the storm clouds of the Civil War were gathering. Yet with all the stirring events of those times Anna Mary still lives—and not only lives but adds daily to her fame throughout the world.

For Anna Mary Robertson, born nearly 96 years ago, is today eminent far outside her own land as Grandma Moses, one of the phenomena of this history-packed century. Until she was 77 she was completely unknown and had never thought of being a painter. Yet, today she is America's most celebrated contemporary artist, with 1,200 paintings to her credit, and with 20,000,000 cards reproduced from some of them going round the globe this Christmas.

Improving All The Time

Fabulous, is it not? Yet Grandma Moses believes that her best work may be ahead of her. With modesty she said to me in her little home in remote Eagle Bridge, some 200 miles from New York: "I'm improving all the time. I have only to look at some of my old paintings (those painted when she was in her eighties) to see how much better the present ones are."

Let me sketch the rich life of this astounding human being who remains completely unaffected by the fame that has come to her in old age. She calls herself Scot, and likes to add, with a twinkle in her eye, that she has a dash of English, French and Indian, too.

Somewhere in the family tree there was a marriage to an Indian girl, and Grandma enjoys administering mild shocks with this revelation. Once, when a visitor was boasting about Pilgrim descent, Grandma said, with a quiet smile: "Oh, my ancestors were there to welcome them."

Grandma remembers going to see her Grandma at

Eagle Bridge nearly 90 years ago and asking why everything was draped in black. Lincoln had been shot the night before and the tiny girl was deeply disturbed by the comment of the man who gave them the news: "Oh, what will become of us now?"

Remembers First Thanksgiving

She remembers vividly her first Thanksgiving, her first Independence Day, her first thunderstorm—all in the 'sixties. She remembers, too, at the age of seven, gathering the sap from the maple trees for the process known as "sugaring off," the title of one of her most notable pictures.

How valuable have been those recollections, for they have formed the basis for many fine paintings, enriching inculcably the folklore of her country. For folk pictures they are, and you



may call them primitive, if you like, but they have captured for ever some of the scenes and simple ceremonies of the American countryside of nearly a century ago.

"I paint mostly from memory," Grandma Moses told me. "I just shut my eyes and there is the scene in detail. Sometimes I use imagination as well, but I very rarely paint the landscape in front of me. All my pictures show things as they are, or were. As for that modern stuff, well, I just don't understand it."

In childhood days Anna Mary never thought of being a painter. Her father showed a certain untutored talent and sometimes Anna Mary would borrow brush and paint to dab happily. "My favourite colour was red," she confided with a chuckle, "and what a red. They used it to mark the sheep."

In any case there wasn't much time, for children had to work hard between lessons. At 12 she left school at Eagle Bridge to go into domestic service, and it was in the home of Mr and Mrs James that she met their hired man, Thomas Salmon Moses, who was thrifty, temperate and of good repute—girls had to be careful, for so many young men in those days turned out to be chicken thieves.

In 1887 they were married and went South, an adventurous journey through Washington to the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. There she lived for 20 years and stored in that matrix memory of hers the glowing scenes of winter and spring, which she was to bring to vivid life again on canvases more than 60 years later.

Ten children they had, though only five survived infancy. Her life though often touched with sorrow was on the whole happy. "We had all the wants of life and good neighbours," Grandma sums up.

Grandma's greatest sorrow came in 1927 when Thomas died. They had returned to Eagle Bridge to the farm life they

As we walked round the living-room Grandma pointed out some framed, worsted pictures with which she used to beguile the evenings. One day her sister Celestia, a woman whom she suggested she should try painting in oils instead. And as Grandma, then 77, was freed at last from domestic chores, she bought herself paint and brushes and "had a go," though her hands were gnarled from arthritis.

When she had painted a few pictures a friend urged her to send them down to old Thomas's drug store, which still overlooks Hoosick Falls. There they were seen by a New York art collector who bought the lot and wanted to see some more. A relative told him Grandma had about ten. "But I hadn't," said she, "and I couldn't sleep all that night. I rummaged around and found some and I cut one in half to make two and framed the halves. He never knew that for years, until I told him."

Became Famous Overnight

That was the start of it. There were demands for more and more pictures, exhibitions, a radio interview, trips to New York and Washington. Grandma Moses' Christmas cards, Grandma Moses' fabrics, visitors by the hundred, letters by the thousand, requests to attend this, that and the other function. She had become famous overnight.

Yet today Grandma Moses is as simple a person as she was on that fateful day when Celestia told her to try painting. She is the sort of Grandma anyone would love to have. She is tiny and fragile, five-foot-minus and five-stone-minus, but so brimming with vitality that just to meet her is an unforgettable experience.

She is wise, witty and kindly. Her spelling is a bit shaky but her knowledge of life and people is profound. She is no intellectual but she can discuss anything with shrewd good humour. No wonder then that when she met President Truman she was not in the least nervous but could only think of him as Harry, one of her boys.

Grandma chuckled as she talked to me about that afternoon at Blair House. After tea there was a thunderstorm. "Don't be afraid," said the President, "this large house has many lightning-rods in it." Grandma gave me a shy smile. It was clear that Grandma was unlikely to be afraid of anything in this world.

Her Boy the President

Another of her boys, by the way, is President Eisenhower, though she hasn't met him. On the living-room wall among her own paintings is a little reproduction which is, perhaps, her proudest possession. The artist was like himself and the inscription reads: "For Grandma Moses, a real artist from a rank amateur." Cracked Grandma: "I guess he wanted my vote."



Yes, Grandma remains essentially simple and everything about her home is simple too. There's the piano, slightly senior to herself ("so old there's nobody left that can tune it"), furniture which has accompanied Grandma through much of her life, a TV set, by no means among the more recent models. She herself wears demure black with a single piece of jewellery, a clasp of no great value, in addition to her engagement and wedding rings. It simply does not occur to her to spend any of her wealth on luxuries on herself or her home. "I have just what I need for my own requirements," says she.

She marks in pencil a price on all her pictures far, far below their value in the salerooms. The money she makes really means nothing to her except to help her very large family of five children, 12 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. "I leave all money matters to my lawyer," said Grandma.

There is a classic question interviewers address to nonagenarians and centenarians: "To what do you attribute your longevity?" I didn't ask it, I assure you. In Grandma's case the answer is obvious. If you are lucky enough to spend a few hours with her as I did, it is an enormous rest for life. She looks forward, not back, even in her 96th year.

"I have a compact with my doctor," she told me, "to dance an Irish jig on my 100th birthday."

And her final words were: "Now you come out to see me again in the spring. It's just lovely here then."

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ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING, CHAPTER THREE

A CEREMONIAL MEAL
ON TOP OF PINGARO

THE Cunningham-McInnes Himalayan Expedition was a staggeringly gallant failure, since it did not climb Everest. But it was a success and a gallant success, too, in the climbs it actually tried.

The big Himalayan expeditions have their course well mapped and their equipment well tested, regardless of expense. With pathetic equipment and no stores to speak of, Cunningham and McInnes didn't really map out a course till they had had a look at the available mountains. Then, they were game for practically anything the Himalayas were prepared to offer. After leaving their monastery, they saw what Cunningham describes as "a nice peak."

"It looked nice and accessible, and we decided to have a go at it to warm up. We took on a fresh supply of potatoes, and made straight for the mountain. 'Well, maybe the peak wouldn't have been too difficult, but we found ourselves, in the approach, scrambling up a boulder-filled gully with thick jungle on each side. 'We stuck to the gully at first till it became totally impassable. Then we cut off into the jungle and cut our way up the side. Soon the jungle became completely impassable too, and we moved back out into the gully.

"We scrambled and hacked and sweated our way up inch by inch, moving from the gully to the jungle and back to the gully time after time, and hoping all the time for the going to open up for us. 'We did this for three days. Then we had a good look at

CLIFF HANLEY continues the story of the Cunningham-McInnes "tuppence-hapenny" expedition to the Himalayas. The two didn't get to climb Everest, but did scale two high mountains in Sola Khumbu, the Valley of Fifteen Peaks. They got to within 900 feet of the summit of Pumori when a storm stopped them. But in the second attempt they went to the top of Pingaro, a giant of 20,000 feet.

what we were doing. We had come exactly three miles in these three days, and at this rate we had enough potatoes left to do another mile or so but came back.

"We skirted this 'nice accessible peak' and headed towards Everest. Most of the time we found going easier than this, but not always easy.

"At one point we had to climb over three mountain passes, each 10,000 feet high. These were passes, but each one was higher than Mount Blanc, and this is a good indication of the sheer size of Himalayan climbing.

At 16,000 feet, we walked and climbed in shorts. For really high altitudes, our costume was to be shorts worn over long underpants, because I had only one pair of trousers, and I wanted to save these for our big climb. You like to look respectable when you're planting the flag.

"Hamish and I didn't climb Everest. There was really no point in trying by the time we arrived, for the Hunt expedition had already beaten us to it. Our original plan was to move in after the failure of Colonel Hunt's attempt and using his discarded stores—there are tons and tons of food on Everest left by previous climbers, and this would have solved one very big problem.

"But we couldn't find ourselves in Sola Khumbu, the Valley of Fifteen Peaks, with-

out at least making a friendly visit to the world's highest mountain.

"We made a visit to the Everest base camp and spent the night there.

"But we weren't finished with Everest. We made a reconnaissance on the glacier, and travelled further than we should have. Suddenly we realised that darkness was falling, and that we had missed our bearings somewhere.

"We scouted around on the ice, but it didn't take long to discover that we were completely lost. Luckily, we were lost together.

"When this happens, there's only one thing to do, and we did it. We gave up the search and bedded down for the night on the glacier. It was cold."

"They were travelling in the monsoon season because of their previous plan to follow the Hunt expedition up Everest. Pumori was the first mountain on which they made a serious attempt.

For stores, they bought their second sheep and a sack of potatoes. They bought the sheep on the hoof, and were faced with their first problem. The 22 rifle with which they had shot their first sheep now had no bullets.

In their casual way, they had also contrived to lose most of the cutlery they had set out with from India. Their only offensive weapon was a very blunt table knife.

The unexpected difficulty suddenly made the whole idea

of killing the sheep distasteful, but they had to have food, and preferably meat, for the tough climb ahead of them.

Hamish finally solved the problem by using his nylon climbing rope to garrote the sheep, and immediately set about skinning it and cutting it up with the blunt knife.

A storm defeated their attempt on Pumori when they had ascended to within 900 feet of the top.

For three days they were trapped in their tent, and during three days they ate the entire sheep and something like a hundredweight of potatoes. A rockfall on the mountain also ruined their tent completely, and from then on right back to India they travelled without one.

After three days they managed to get off the mountain, feeling their failure bitterly. It was wretchedly cold and wet, and they lost their way near the base. Now they had to sleep out properly in the wet and the cold.

This was probably the nadir point of the Cunningham-McInnes Himalayan expedition. But they survived it. And they had more climbing ahead of them.

Nothing can dim the glory of the final ascent on Everest by Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing. Like the four-minute mile of Bannister and jagged 100-mile-an-hour twenty-four hours at Le Mans, it is a "first" that may be equalled or even improved, but never supplanted in the history of achievement.

But the tuppence-hapenny trek of John Cunningham and Hamish McInnes into the Himalayas is a first in its own right too. And if glory consists in large achievement with nothing but human sinew and courage and the purest of equipment, Cunningham and McInnes deserve a place in history too.

And the experience of Cunningham and McInnes has some significance for any Himalayan expedition. When man has to fight nature he fights it most nobly with his bare hands, and this is practically what the Scottish climbers did.

Modern climbers can call in several branches of science to give them extra strength and extra mobility.

But without anything much in the way of scientific help, Cunningham and McInnes discovered that by adapting themselves to their environment they could dispense with science's help.

Thoroughly acclimatised to Himalayan heights, they found they could march from 14,000 feet to 19,000 to visit Everest base camp without distress.

At 22,000 feet Cunningham's pulse-rate was normal at 60 to the minute, McInnes's normal at 58. In the monsoon season they failed to reach the peak of Pumori, but no more miserably than well-equipped expeditions have failed Himalayan climbs.

They set out for Pingaro, at 20,000 feet, not one of the greatest in this district of giants, but a big climb in any language, and tailor-made for two Scottish climbers wise in rock-

climbing, for Pingaro is black, black, bare rock.

You might call it a good Scottish peak magnified six times, and the pair approached it just like that.

McInnes is an experienced rock climber; Cunningham certainly one of the best, and perhaps the very best rock-climber in Scotland today.

As good members of the Craig Dhu Club in Scotland they started off at Craig Dhu time—no rising-at-dawn nonsense, but 10 a.m.

Cunningham classifies the climb as a "severe," and they had a difficult time, but at first they climbed unroped.

After they had made some height, however, Hamish McInnes slipped. There was a horrible moment that looked like the end of the expedition till Cunningham got a hold on his partner and pulled him back.

After this they climbed roped together, Cunningham leading. The ridge of Pingaro Cunningham described as "just difficult, with some chimneys."

Route-finding became difficult as a snowstorm sprang up, and the fifteen-pound rope became a nuisance to carry too.

Cunningham followed the ridge as the easiest way. This meant, for much of the way, taking two steps up and three down.

The two travelled light on this peak assault. Their stores were a turnip each, which it must be admitted they had had to stick, but of chocolate, and the tin of pate de foie gras they had bought from a Nepalese.

They reached the peak as darkness fell. They had no flag to plant, but they made a ceremonial meal of the stores. "Never tasted foie gras before," Cunningham told me. "It's lovely."

The Himalayan night found the two of them right on top of Pingaro, but they went down very fast indeed, in darkness, by rappelling.

In this system, you drive a metal peg into the rock, hang a rope over it, and let one end of the rope out with the other end fastened to your body.

When the rope is paid out, you pull it down, drive in the new peg or piton, and repeat the process.

By rappelling, Cunningham and McInnes scrambled and swung down through the darkness till they reached home base at 2 a.m.

This was their last serious climb in the Himalayas, but it was not the end of the story.

"If only we had more potatoes at the time," Cunningham recalls thoughtfully. "We would have had a go at Nuptse, a 25,000-foot beauty and still unclimbed."

Since the potatoes didn't happen to be around at the right time, Nuptse is still unclimbed. But Cunningham and McInnes had realised one dream—way penetrating to the Himalayas and climbing.

They had also lost or discarded a large portion of their original small equipment in the process. Cunningham's journal of the trip is lying around somewhere near Everest to this day.

And without, for instance, a tent to their name, they had a journey of some hundreds of miles ahead of them to India and a strange uncomfortable shortage of money on which to do it.

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Their Most Frightening Experience

'BINKIE' BEAUMONT'S
SHOW BLUES

By John Barber

MR HUGH BEAUMONT had 10 London shows running a year ago. Today he can count only three in the West End. I exclude one that is coming off. None is a bright or new success.

For power in the theatre is dramatically shifting. The 46-year-old "Binkie" Beaumont (the nickname is Welsh for "darling"), a courtly and taut-nerved show-man of impeccable taste, has fed a dominating syndicate of theatre in London and the provinces with a constant stream of hits.

Barely in this decade have there been fewer than 12 to 15 Beaumont shows in town. At the plushiest theatres. By the cleverest authors. With the brightest stars.

The man who rose from assistant manager of the Playhouse, Cardiff, to be boss of the world's biggest play-producing group—H. M. Tennent—is off on holiday.

● To forget the first night he hates, the limelight he shuns.

● To forget that a year ago he had Noel Coward, Terence Rattigan, Laurence Olivier,

Vivien Leigh, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft on his payroll—and now has none of them.

● To forget that today every top-drawing show in town is financially promoted by an independent manager.

THE HITS

Who are the new masters of Shaftsbury Avenue? Look at the big hits now running. "The Mousetrap" (Ambassadors), by Agatha Christie—London's longest run—is put on by Peter Saunders, the slow-speaking, gravel-voiced, ex-journalist who behind "Spider's Web," with Margaret Lockwood (Savoy), the new A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis musical "The Water Gipsies" (Winter Garden), and the New York smash-hit, "Witness for the Prosecution."

"Sephate Tables" (St. James's), Rattigan's two-plays-in-one smash-hit, is presented by Stephen Mitchell, quiet, unobtrusive, Aberdeen-born bachelor-of-law, now running a California theatre for dollar millionaires Huntington Hartford. His other recent London hit, "Tiger at the Gates," with Michael Redgrave, opens in New York.

"The Boy Friend" (Wyndham's), the musical triumph of London and New York, is the baby of shy, slim Gervase Farn-

jeon, one-time Dublin architect—and his first big show.

"The Remarkable Mr. Penwy- packer" (New) is the third hit in row from Donald Albery, wine connoisseur and ex-Sadler's Wells manager, the man who backed Graham Greene's "The Living Room" and John Van Druten's "I Am a Camera"—and who made Dorothy Tutin a star.

"All For Mary" (now on tour), recent London success, made a 400 percent profit for Henry Sherek, mountaineer—still slimming—former Regular Army officer under Lord Montgomery ("Till I went wrong—into show business"). Who now has £30,000 invested in seven new shows.

And four money-spinners from the three oldest showmen: "Kismet" (Stoll) and the musical "Snail Days" (Vaudeville) are put on by 63-year-old Jack Hylton, the Lancashire lad, and "The Reluctant Debutante" (Cambridge) is a new hit for E. P. (Paul) Clift, a veteran who has recently sold this play to M.G.M. for films and the New York stage.

"Sailor Beware!" (Strand), another success for violin-playing Jack Waller, the "Roll Away, Clouds" song-writer, a marmaladed little fanny with a wicked-uncle smile who says: "The theatre is the medicine that keeps me young."

I have talked to most of these showmen in the last few days. This is the story they tell of the newest theatre trend.

Stars today are easier for them to get. Theatres today are eager for their shows. And new plays once so hard to find, are tumbling on to their desks in shoals with every post.

REVIVALS

HOW DIFFERENT from last year, when Hugh Beaumont's long list of hits meant that his companies took cash at nearly all the smartest box-offices. For today, such favoured playhouses as the Haymarket, the Apollo, and the Criterion (for long his regular houses) are let to the "independents."

HOW DIFFERENT from last year, when Beaumont can announce only two new plays, and is relying on revivals of "Hamlet" and "Charles's Aunt." For today, it is the independents who have the exciting plays. Henry Sherek's seven-play programme includes dramas about the Caine Mutiny and the Mayerling story and a play by (and starring) Hermione Gingold, "Abracadabra."

Only when it failed as a bargaining counter to get more arms, and particularly jet aircraft, from Britain did Colonel Nasser turn to the Russians in earnest, placing with them an order for large supplies of arms, including jets, tanks and heavy artillery.

In the British view this development can only lead to an intensified arms race between the Arab States and Israel, which may well lead to a renewal of the war.

And peace and stability in the Middle East form the key to British foreign policy.

The second reason for alarm is that, for the first time, there is a Russian incursion into Middle Eastern affairs.

"GOODWILL" MISSIONS

By deliberate policy the British Government has always tried to keep the Russians out of the area.

But now the Kremlin is making a strenuous attempt to establish its influence there.

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The Bear In The Middle East

By Peter Kirk

TO the British Foreign Office, the announcement that the Russians are selling arms to Egypt was the most disturbing news for years.

There are two reasons for this anxiety. The first is that Russian intervention in the disturbed Palestinian situation may well upset the balance of power there, and spark off the Arab-Israel war all over again.

Not that the war has ever really stopped. Time and time again, since the Armistice of 1949, there have been flare-ups along the artificial frontier that separates Jew from Arab.

EXPLOSIVE POSITION

The Arabs will never admit even the existence of Israel, let alone her present frontiers.

And the Jews, inflamed by their comparatively easy victory over seven Arab States, lose no opportunity to show the Arabs how much better the Israeli army is.

In this explosive situation the Western Powers have been determined to damp things down as much as possible by retaining strict control over the supply of arms to the area.

In a Three Power declaration in May 1950, Britain, France and the United States said that they would maintain absolute parity between the two sides, so far as arms were concerned.

Britain has always been the main supplier of arms to that area, and has done her best, for the last five years, to make sure that no one side dominated the other.

The policy has never satisfied the Arab States, particularly Egypt, which, since the revolution that threw out Farouk, has had hankers to build itself up to a dominant position in the Middle East.

And matters were not improved by the French supplying Mystere jets to Israel.

The Russian offer of arms was made some months ago, but Egypt did not accept it immediately.

Jack Waller is casting a £25,000 musical version of Barrie's "Little Minister," to be called "Wild Grows the Heather."

Donald Albery is planning a musical of Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson." A brand-new manager of 38 of "America," Toby Howland, invades the scene with new plays and, in prospect, a musical version of the recent Eleanor Glyn biography.

Note all these plans for musicals, the most expensive (and rewarding) shows to mount. A sure sign that the independents have big money to spend, and confidence in their own survival.

EXPLANATIONS

What has happened to the showman who so recently mounted "The Sleeping Prince," "The Deep Blue Sea," "Seagulls Over Sorrento," "The Little Hut," and "A Day By The Sea?"

The talk is that "Binkie" has lost his nerve. Look deeper. Three explanations emerge:—

1. BEAUMONT no longer dares, after last year's public outcry, to put on many shows free of tax, a device which enabled him to keep theatres "warm" and stars at his beck until he could use both for his profit-making company.

2. BEAUMONT has had a long run of perfectly normal theatrical bad luck: stars failing ill, shows flopping and swiftly withdrawn.

3. THE POWERFUL group which controls 50 percent of London's theatre seats has seen that by favouring one play-producing manager they have become strangling his rivals whom they need for a healthy, varied supply of shows. At one time Jack Waller ("They tried to squeeze me out, old man") nearly quit the business. Others were driven out.

HAPPIER

Survivors now admit that the new situation of Tennent's has made their business easier, happier, sounder.

Undoubtedly, Beaumont has lately lost his grip.

Largely, his greatest imperator has more taste, more flair than any rival. Theatregoers owe him lovely shows, want as many more. But it was time his too-mighty wings were clipped.

I hope he never again controls the cream of the theatres, and all the 22-carat names.

For today old and new independent showmen are back injecting the theatre with a long-lost variety and enterprise. And the result is that their shows will be packed. Business is booming.

The public sense and rejoice in a new situation which few have yet understood.



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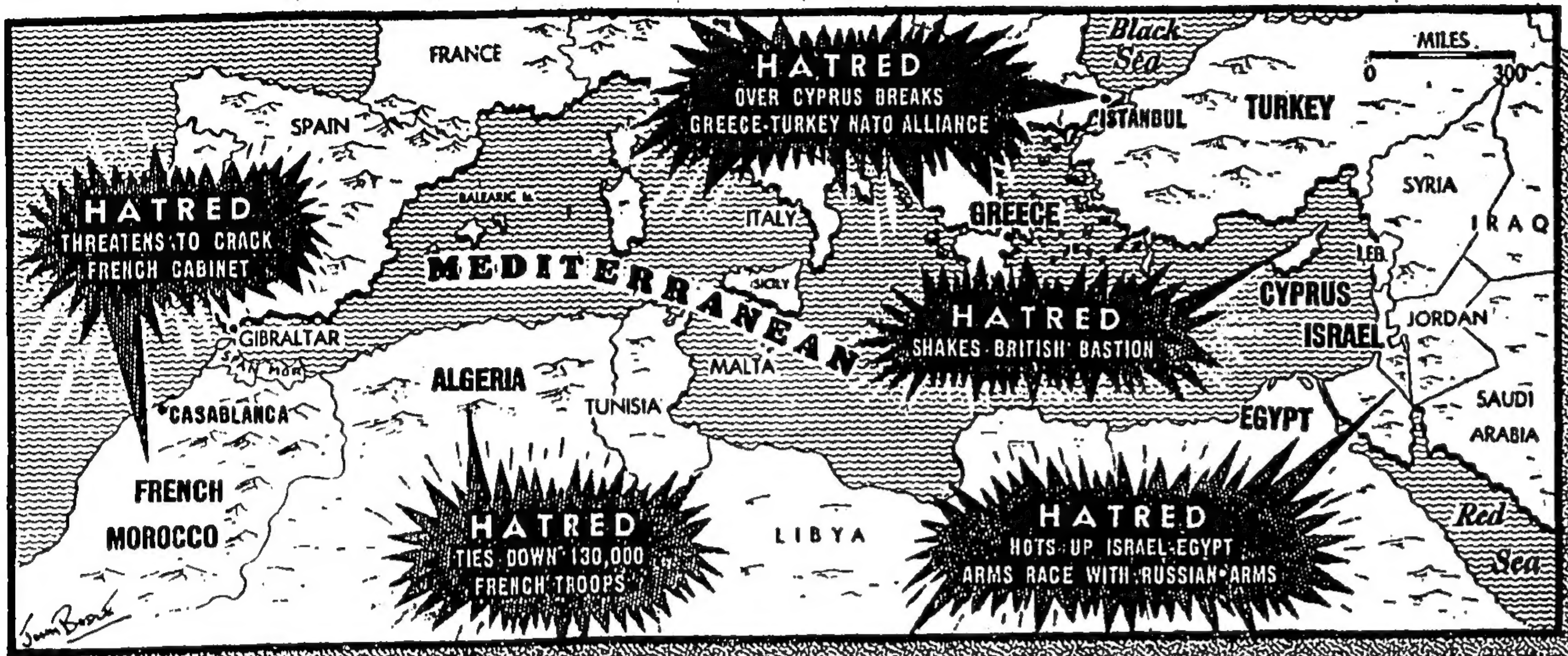
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE SEA OF HATE

From one end of the Mediterranean to the other the situation is aflame
My mission: To get the facts and meanings by SEFTON DELMER



- To enable readers to understand fully the dangers of
- the most explosive "situation" in the world today, Sefton
- Delmer veteran Foreign Reporter, has begun a most urgent
- mission along the catastrophe-laden coasts of the Mediter-
- ranean. This is his first analysis, from—

BEFORE the meeting started she looked quite pretty and attractive. This slim, young Frenchwoman in a neat-and-white-striped frock and an elegant hair-do.

But now her face is flushed and distorted. Veins stand out in her neck, hot and angry. "Au poteau," she shrieks. "To the gallows with him, to the gallows."

From all around me in the crowd the same cry is being echoed: "To the gallows, to the gallows."

Who is it that these sedate and prosperous-looking citizens of Casablanca want to hang?

THE POLICE

THE leader of that hate and blood-maddened gang to Moroccan tribesmen who placed a captured European mother on a saw-bench and sawed her in two? Or the Arab terrorist who two days ago threw a bomb into a crowded European store?

Not at this moment. No, it is two eminent Frenchmen they have in mind—Premier Faure, who has just obtained approval from the French Assembly for his self-government pact with Morocco's nationalist leaders, and his predecessor Mendes-France, who led the way with Tunis.

Paris. At Pont l'Eveque, little town near Deauville, were, of course, too good to last. For it was never quite the intention of the authorities in Paris that prisoners should go to the Deauville races; order food in their cells from a nearby restaurant; drink anything from aperitifs to liqueurs, and entertain their wives and girl friends in the cells.

Last week white-haired, jovial Fernand Billa, former chief warden of Pont l'Eveque prison and convicted gangster Georges Snudde, tall, dark and handsome, were required to explain it all before the local court. But first, before a packed court, police gave a detailed

And, believe me, they mean it. If either of those two French statesmen presented himself to this crowd at this moment he would need a larger guard than those 30 lorries outside loaded with police to defend him. For one thing because the majority of policemen in Morocco feel the same way.

These white settlers of Morocco hate and distrust the French of their motherland almost as much as they hate and distrust the Moroccan nationalists.

THE DANGER

AND, in their turn, the Moroccans loathe the white intruders to the land of their fathers.

Yes, there is no getting away from it. This smiling city of Casablanca, with its green-lawned boulevard, gleaming white skyscrapers, and manicured Moroccan alleys, has fallen one of the worst victims to the paralyzing epidemic of inter-racial and inter-communal tear and hate.

It is an epidemic which has infected not only the whole of Morocco but is raging throughout the whole area from Tangier to Cyprus and Tel-Aviv.

It has turned the once gay and happy Mediterranean into a surging, stormy sea of hate.

And the epidemic of nationalist anarchy and insurrection in this economically and strategically vital area is highly dangerous to you and me and to everyone else who depends for his bread and butter on the

peace and prosperity of the Western world. It is as dangerous as the Kremlin's cold war at its worst and most threatening stage.

Indeed, I think it may well be part of the new Kremlin plan to call off more obvious campaigns of cold war pressure in Europe and replace them with a Khrushchev war of smiles and peace concessions in order to exploit all the more successfully the chaos and disruption caused by national rebellion in Africa and Asia.

That is why I am setting out to travel across the whole of French North Africa from Morocco to Tunis, and then on to Cyprus and Gaza. I plan to report to you fully, freely, and frankly what is going on in these troubled areas.

Well, you ask me, who, for a start, is behind the present rising in the difficult Rif mountain area on the frontier between the French and Spanish zones of Morocco?

HORRIFYING

THE answer is horrifying and shocking. It is Generalissimo Francisco Franco, dictator of Fascist, anti-Communist Spain.

The ex-ally of Hitler is the latest recruit to the American-armed and American-financed Western front in Europe.

France is lending his benevolent connivance to the anti-French, anti-Western fanatics sponsored by Cairo's dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser in training and arming the Moroccan rebel forces on Spanish territory to fight against the French.

Alas, there can be no doubt about it. You have only to join a military convoy as I did last week-end and take the mountain road up to Bourd, a little French fortress perched

on a bare, windswept, sun-bleached peak of the Rif mountains hard on to the Spanish frontier.

Captain Taddel, the young French officer in charge of the post, has all the information and all the proofs to convince the most hardened sceptic.

He has prisoners, he has captured Spanish arms and Spanish ammunition to prove the attack on his post, like that on the other French posts, was led and directed by a party of Moroccan commandos trained and equipped for the operations on the Spanish side of the frontier.

THE REBELS

ISPOKE to one of his prisoners, a local tribesman named Mohammed Bel Hal.

"Fifty commandos came across the frontier," said Mohammed, "and called on me and fellow-tribesmen to join them in the holy war against the French. They gave us 50 rifles and ammunition."

"They kept another 50 rifles for themselves. With them were many men of the Beni Amart tribe who had also come over the Spanish border."

Four thousand of these Moroccan rebel commandos have been trained during the last two years at three secret camps in Spanish territory—at Nador, Xauen, and Melilla.

Among these are men who served with the French in Indo-China, and it is these men from Indo-China, so the French believe, who have introduced Chinese guerrilla tactics to this war in the Rif.

The commandos for the last six weeks had been smuggling arms across the frontier and hiding them in special caches amid the mountains ready for their D-Day.

To me the most fascinating of Captain Taddel's possessions was the powerful pair of binoculars. Through these I was able to look right across the valley into the French fort of Bou Zineb, 10 miles away.

It forms an isolated French enclave in the Spanish zone, and is connected to French Morocco by only a narrow strip of French road running through Spanish territory.

I was able to make out quite clearly the black uniformed figure of the rebel commander storming over the white concrete walls of the fort. For Bou Zineb is in rebel hands.

A mob of 1,200 Moroccans captured it from the little garrison of French Moroccan troops headed by a French sergeant.

The French have so far not been able to recapture Bou Zineb in the same way they have either retaken or relieved all other posts seized by the rebels.

France's authorities in Morocco have let the French understand that they would take the greatest umbrage if the French forces violated Spanish territory either on the ground or in the air in a possible attempt to recapture Bou Zineb.

THE THREAT

WHAT causes General Franco to follow this amazing policy, which is not only endangering his own hold on Spanish Morocco but in clear conflict with the interests of his American allies?

For all the civil disorder in Morocco clearly constitutes a threat to the safety of the costly and important American naval and air bases here.

The answer is hate, hate, hate, plus a desire for revenge.

The Caudillo has never forgiven the French for the way, in the early postwar years after 1944, they permitted Spanish anti-Franco guerrillas, trained and equipped in France, to cross the Pyrenees and harass him in Spain.

Believe me, the Mediterranean is indeed a dangerous sea of hate.

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I'll never ask HER again



It's the bitterest phase in a party-giver's life. But wait a minute.... How do YOU rate as a guest?

Suppose your host's son has just been sent down from Oxford for idleness. You feel it's essential to avoid anything that might remind him of it. Keep off exams, dons, boats, dark blue, marmalade, accents, etc., etc. Useless. You will find that all roads lead to Oxford. Better be kind and say right away, "A university career is such a handicap nowadays."

Be greedy

I AGREE with the sage who said that "Men of great abilities are generally of large and vigorous animal nature." My ideal guest must eat heartily. That does not mean he need scoop a massive bowl of asparagus, leaving four stalks between the remaining five guests. But it is better to err on the side of greed than of pecking and choosing.

THE PERFECT GUEST IN THE BASEMENT. If your hostess lives underground you can score high marks by exclaiming: "How gloriously light and airy! I can see you get all the morning sun!" Never mind it, in fact, no ray ever penetrates. Cave-dwellers have an infinite capacity for compliments.

THE GUEST IN THE ATTIC. Same technique, varied to suit locality. What a heavenly view! I can never get enough chimney-pots. And stairs are the very best exercise. . . . But almost certainly before you need to think up that second one, your hostess will have screamed: "Mind your head on that beam!" Lucky competitor in the Guest Stakes! Another opportunity for scoring heavily. "It didn't hurt a bit. . . . Two guests who will not fail to shed charm over castle or cottage: Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Mr. Aldan Crawley.

The flop....

THE PERFECT DEPARTURE. Dr. Johnson held that whoever went to bed before 12 was a second-rate. Without going that far (I'm a natural "early bedder" myself), I do mark down guests who rise to their feet at an obviously pre-ordained hour. I can hear them saying to each other before they set off: "What's the earliest we can leave?—11.30, I suppose." If they go at precisely 11.30 I know my party is a flop. But departure at any odd hour—11.17 or 11.47—lets by.

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ARE guests today pulling their weight? The answer must be No.

Look how they arrive at parties. Look how they behave. Consider that favourite opening gambit—"I hope I'm not too early?" How brutally it pinpoints the emptiness of the room, the unbrokenness of the ice. Or, again, the guest whose first words are "Can I make a telephone call?"

Not that the hearty, bustling guest is any more attractive. Confidently she takes possession of your hall, dumping her coat in the baby's pram, her umbrella in the dog's bowl, her cigarette end in the aquarium. Upstairs, she advances with gliding, proprietary cries on your drawing-room wallpaper: "Oh what fun to find it here! I've just chosen the very same pattern—only I'm having it in the bathroom."

Barriers down

THE garrulous guest frightens me for a different reason. Her torrent of confidence, like sympathetic magic, is bound to respond. By the end of the evening all barriers are down, all secrets betrayed.

Not garrulous, but undoubtedly a talker—that is my perfect guest. And for five best talkers I nominate:—

Sir Maurice Bowra, the most brilliant;

Mr. Douglas Woodruff, the wildest;

Lord David Cecil, the most generous;

Lady Pamela Berry, the most provocative;

Mrs. John Bejeman, the most invigorating.

by LADY PAKENHAM

The ideal guest is not deterred from talking shop. I'm all for shop. People talk best on the thing that concerns them most. Which would you rather? Hear a doctor on the Salk vaccine or on Elwes versus Annigoni?

Best shop-talker: Mrs. Mary Adams. Her shop: Television.

How far should a conscientious guest prepare his conversation beforehand? No harm in doing a little "homework," if your host is at all distinguished. Find out about his achievements. But on no account come with a set piece of your own. If you succeed in dragging it in, you can be sure you will have killed all conversation around you in doing so. If you fail, you'll go away hating the whole evening.

Indignation

LORD CHESTERFIELD described the downfall of a guest who arrived with a "good story" about a gun. He tried all ways to turn the conversation on guns. In vain. At last, jumping out of his chair, he exclaimed, "I heard a gun fired!"

"Nonsense!" retorted his fellow guests, but "Never Mind," said he, "since we are talking of guns—"

His story was received, reports Lord Chesterfield, with great indignation.

A good guest neither tries to drag in particular subjects nor to keep off them. Dragging in is hard. Keeping off impossible.

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PRISON WAS TIME IN PARADISE

From ROBIN STAFFORD

THE good times in gaol at Pont l'Eveque, little town near Deauville, were, of course, too good to last. For it was never quite the intention of the authorities in Paris that prisoners should go to the Deauville races; order food in their cells from a nearby restaurant; drink anything from aperitifs to liqueurs, and entertain their wives and girl friends in the cells.

Last week white-haired, jovial Fernand Billa, former chief warden of Pont l'Eveque prison and convicted gangster Georges Snudde, tall, dark and handsome, were required to explain it all before the local court. But first, before a packed court, police gave a detailed

account of this prisoners' paradise where the administration, day passes, releases on bail and, in certain cases, discharges, was arranged by the prisoners themselves apparently to "save Billa the trouble."

The inmates—it would hardly be fair to call them prisoners—did their work very well. Accountancy, signatures, and officials seals were child's play to men who had been in the habit of printing their money as they needed it.

From the official point of view things started slipping day passed, to the race at Pont l'Eveque prison early in 1950 when Billa the

"appointed" a notorious embezzler, Jean Grainville, as prison chief clerk. From then on the prison gates were open most of the time to save warders the trouble of closing them. They were busy, anyway, serving breakfast in bed to some of the inmates. The early risers would stroll through town to the cafe for coffee, rolls and butter.

As time went on Grainville's organisation got more elaborate. With seven years to serve, he decided a rota holiday system would keep the men happier.

So some were issued with courses. Others went off to the Riviera for a week.

Others just went home to their families in Paris.

Admittedly, most came back: if they did not, they were officially described as "discharged for good behaviour" on the prison register.

But strange things were noted by outsiders, too. A lawyer who had seen his client sentenced to several years' gaol met him two days later at a dance in full evening dress.

And a well-known Paris jeweller, M. Van Cleef, was robbed by gangsters who should have been safe and sound behind Pont l'Eveque's bars.

Anyway, all good things come to an end. One day the government decided to close the prison, and when gendarmes came to transfer the prisoners to other gaols there was hardly anyone left.

In court Snudde was said to have had fifteen bottles of aperitif delivered to him at the prison in one week.

"I gave Chief Warden Billa a glass of wine from time to time or maybe a leg of chicken—but never any money," he admitted modestly.

But the judge abruptly turned to the jovial warder: "You were drunk all the time. The day an inspector came you could hardly speak. And you dined over all accountancy and resulting forgeries to the prisoners."

Now the ex-chief warden is not quite as comfortable as his former guests. He is serving three years in a more strictly gaol, Snudde, an entire four months.

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WHEN Mr Earl Blackwell emerges from his Mid-Manhattan bachelor apartment at exactly 10 a.m. every day and strides toward his office on Fifth Avenue he is a poem of sartorial splendour.

His trousers are held up by a gold-tipped Florentine belt given him by Miss Ginger Rogers.

The solid gold cuff links in his hand-made Italian shirt are from Miss Joan Crawford, and his £12 imported silk tie is a memento from Miss Gloria Swanson.

He extracts cigarettes from a gold case furnished from Paris by the Aga Khan, and the paper money in his pocket is held securely in a gold clip, a little thing contributed by Miss Tallulah Bankhead.

'Espionage'

MR BLACKWELL modestly insists that he is a nobody, and, indeed, to the general public he is an anonymous as a man who works under a man-hole cover.

But in the frantic though relatively limited world of the celebrity 40-year-old Earl Blackwell is an elegant and handsome combination of guardian, father confessor, and roving ambassador, and thus a man of unquestioned importance.

As a founder and now president of an organization called Celebrity Service, Blackwell is the director of a vast espionage system which keeps track of some 100,000 big names, dead or alive, and he sells that information to hand-picked subscribers all over the world for an estimated return of £180,000 a year.

Blackwell reports the movements of celebrities in Hollywood, Washington, New York, London, Paris, and Rome. With the help of 40 paid assistants and hundreds of volunteers—including the celebrities themselves—Blackwell has learned what famous people wear, eat and drink. He has their unlisted phone numbers, and knows where they hide out when they are pursued by writ servers or snoopers.

ARGENTINOS ARE PROUD OF THEIR NEW FIRST LADY

From JACK COMBEN

Buenos Aires. General Eduardo Lonardi is turning the Argentine into "the happy land." Every freedom stifled by dictator Peron is being rapidly restored. Now you get smiles in Government offices where before you got dirty looks.

The false smile of "Big Brother" Peron no longer stares down from every other wall.

Gone too are the pictures of Peron's dynamic blonde wife, the late Evita.

Now the Argentines have got a new first lady, and there is no doubt that the majority of them are proud of her.

Senora Dona Mercedes Villada Achaval de Lonardi is just as good-looking as Evita, though in a more refined way.

A striking brunette, who admits she is on the wrong side of 40, she is above all a family woman.

She is the mother of three sons and two daughters, and grandmother of two boys and two girls.

She belongs to one of the Argentine's oldest families and is a direct descendant of Don Jeronimo Luis de Cabrera, who founded Cordoba City, where the revolution against Peron broke out on September 16.

Unlike Evita, there is no show about Dona Mercedes. She receives visitors in the drawing room of her private residence. The room is usually full of flowers, mostly orchids and roses.

Drop around during the afternoon and you will be welcomed by a good cup of tea—itsself a rarity in the Argentine for many years—and home-made scones.

Dona Mercedes has a cook and two maids, but still takes time out to do her own cooking. "The general likes home cooking," she tells you with a captivating smile.

Deeply religious, she spends much of her spare time reading books with a spiritual message. (Author Graham Greene is a favourite.)

An accomplished pianist, she has had to give up the piano recently. "You don't get much time when you have a large family and a revolution to attend to."

Dona Mercedes has two ambitions. No. 1 is to write—"but only for myself," she says. "I am much more feminine than feminist."

"I believe it is a woman's task and duty to help the poorer classes, not only materially, but also in the spiritual sense."

Ambition No. 2—to visit Europe. "My husband and I hope to go soon," she says.

When the revolution started last month Dona Mercedes sought refuge at a hostel near Cordoba.

"I am the wife of the revolutionary leader," she told the German owner. "Will you take me in?"

"Yes," was the answer. Before dawn one morning a week later there was a knock at her door. The proprietor told her: "Congratulations, Senora. The revolution is triumphant. Your husband is President of the Argentine."

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel



He knows who will endorse cigarettes and what the fee will be. He knows which ones will lend their celebrated names and faces to fashion shows, or world premieres of hotels, films, or cars. Conversely, he can also advise clients to avoid certain stars because they get drunk or start fights.

I report...

BLACKWELL knows that if a young woman registers in a Mexico City hotel under the name Jean Kennerley, she is really Barbara Hutton, hiding behind an alias. He knows that Miss Gloria Swanson will not make a personal appearance in a branch of the public library, but that she can be lured to a food convention because she has a lively interest in properly prepared victuals.

For a small fee Blackwell will confide that Miss Bette Davis probably would not go out of her way to meet the Queen of England, but that she is apt to leap aboard any train headed towards a dog show.

As Miss Ginger Rogers says affectionately: "Earl keeps such close tabs on us that I almost feel dizzy. I don't call him up every night and report that I've just gone to bed."

The sleeping hours of celebrities, of course, are only minor details in Blackwell's huge dossier, and his over-all rapport with their daily lives sometimes involves him in dramatic situations that any sensible author or playwright would reject as being corny or contrived.

One night last year Blackwell was alone in the New York office when the telephone rang and a strained voice demanded the private address and telephone number of a famous hypochondriac.

Some weeks earlier, when the man gave Blackwell the listing, he had extracted a promise that it would not be revealed to anyone, and consequently Blackwell was cool in his reply.

"Are you a subscriber to our service?" he asked.

"I am not," the caller said. "I am this man's personal physician, and he just called me to say that he took too many sleeping pills. But he didn't say where he was, and I don't have to tell you there's no time to be lost."

'I'm dying'

BLACKWELL suspected a practical joke and he asked the caller to hold on. He grabbed another line, dialed the celebrity's number and almost instantly heard a voice croaking: "That you, Doc? For God's sake hurry! I'm dying!"

Blackwell replaced the receiver with embarrassment, and promptly gave the doctor the address.

The star was saved, and he still does not know Blackwell's role in the affair.

Blackwell is genuinely awed by the growth of his celebrity network, and modestly credits it to the dedicated zeal of his staff. But Gloria Swanson, a veteran scrapper in the often brutal scrimmage for fame, says Blackwell's secret is a contagious, wide-eyed, small-boy worship of celebrities. "Earl is living in a make-believe world where all the stories come true," she says.

Today, with offices in London and Paris and a working representative in Rome, Blackwell spends almost six months abroad each year.

When he is in New York Blackwell is a familiar figure at the opera, at society functions, or at any one of a dozen theatre first-nights. He has a wardrobe of some 28 suits, and his necessities, as noted, generally contain gold in one form or another.

Out of place

HIS handsome apartment on West 54th Street is studied with awe by his personal friends—a desk set from Sir Winston Churchill's daughter Sarah, a valuable oil painting from Elsa Schiaparelli, an ivory Madonna from Rosalind Russell. Blackwell has lost his aplomb only once.

Last winter in West Palm Beach, Barbara Hutton and her then husband Forrester Rubirosa invited him to join them for a late, informal supper.

At the end of the evening, as they started for home, Barbara plucked at Blackwell's elbow and said: "Earl, I want to make a note of something. May I borrow your pen?"

Blackwell reached into his pocket and extracted a ball-point pen given to him by a publicity-minded young actress in New York a week before.

Just as he handed it to Barbara he remembered, too late, that on the barrel of the pen, in gold letters, were the words: "With the compliments of Zsa Zsa Gabor."

DEAN JENNINGS

America's Early Election Fever

From RENE MACCOLL

New York. As he wearily prepared to go off home to bed after the full extent of the day's work was clear, a reporter approached him and asked if he would run again in 1956.

Turning to an aide Stevenson remarked: "Have that man's head examined!"

Of course the Democrats gained new morale as time went by but even so, until like was written, nobody thought that their candidate would be anything but a sacrificial lamb in November of 1956.

Then—a clot in the President's heart, and all was changed. Like the man with the magical smile, the man whom no one could do anything but like, is removed. The field is wide open.

Statistics

And statistics show (to quote a favourite American advertising gambit) that there are more Democrats than Republicans in this nation.

And so everyone has got into the act. Hope shines bright among the Democrats. And when a popular ex-President Harry Truman decided to speak warmly on a platform alongside 64-year-old "Honest" Adlai Stevenson, recently everyone said: "Wow!—Harry for Ave. That lets out Adlai."

And what a to-do on the Republican camp! The poor chaps have simultaneously got to try to look sympathetic about Ike—and neglect no chance of pushing their own candidacy. A difficult trick.

Incidentally, the women are even more of a power in the land now than they formerly.

And these ladies are tough. Pouches under their beady eyes. Strictly for the main chance. State your business brother, and state it fast.

And out in the lobby the male retainers and chockers-out-and-hangers-on look mighty respectful and mummer throatily: "You know bud, if you want to get anywhere around here you gotta clear it with Mrs. Clinton."

Yes, in America today the hand that rocks the cradle runs the election.

Excitement

The excitement is terrific. The activity frenzied. Long distance phone calls to Albany, the State capital of New York where Governor Averell Harriman resides, are stacked up and waiting by the scores. The Democratic machine here in New York is operating all out. Hats are in the ring and gauntlets are being flung down right, left and centre.

Ike's heart attack has brought about the transformation of the scene. When Ike won the 1952 election the Democratic Party (of Roosevelt and Truman) seemed irretrievably smashed. You may recall the characteristic wisecrack of Adlai Stevenson, the unsuccessful candidate.

close to the flooded bank—before turning downstream. It took two and a half hours.

On the little wooden quay at Yola stood an Englishman, Gerald Warneford, education officer for the local children. He took us to Frank Randall, chief police officer for the province of Adamawa, and the other 40 Europeans in Yola, who administer 1,250,000 Africans.

We spent the night in Yola at a cosy house. The English residents were magnificent. Food, baths, kindness...

We told them of our attempts to get out of Nigeria, rains or no rains. They sympathized, but offered the same information as the French: impossible, to get enough to the Congo on foot, raised roads until the rains ceased about November.

One track

Randall laughed when I showed him my map. The road south from Yola didn't exist any more. But he proved magnificent. He contacted French friends from the French Cameroons; he contacted everyone likely to know of a way.

One Frenchman knew of one small track over the mountains which connected with another track leading south to Garoua.

He examined the clearance on the Austin. "You'll never do it," he said. "The road is two-thirds the 18 miles; a Land-Rover can just make it."

I argued against them. I would give it a go. The A90 had taken a hammering few days would ever be called upon to take. I felt confident she would stand up to the conditions.

"I'll rip it to pieces," said Randall. "I can't let you go."

I talked him out of it. And he sent his Land-Rover and two African police drivers as escort. Well, we got over the mountains and through the pass. We

dropped down into French Cameroon territory at Burha, where the African police left us.

Our car, bent and battered, is quite unrecognizable. Like my Stirling bomber of 1941, it just refuses to give up the ghost.

Straight on

From Burha we beat it quick before the French authorities tried to stop us. We motored almost 100 miles over a track which is something stolen from a roadway in hell. Twelve hours later we got to Garoua...

Soon we'll leave for Ngaoundere, and God willing, along the rain-soaked, rock-strewn track for 600 miles to the Belgian Congo.

It can be done, carefully, slowly, ruthlessly.

The little French hotel proprietor in Garoua, who smokes endless cigarettes, shrugs at little shoulders, and says: "I always said Englishmen were mad, but at least I thought Norwegians knew better."

John Brun shrugs his shoulders too. "A Cape to Cape record," he replied. "We started in Norway."

The little Frenchman blew out his cheeks, gulped his cognac, and spluttered.

Incredible

The car, its badges, the loaded rack, the springs, everything is a source of wonder to the many Europeans in the tough rain areas of Nigeria and the Cameroons. Apparently for a million cars with a 7-inch clearance to head south in the rainy season has always been considered virtually impossible.

If the car parks up the next lap, it has done a wonderful, incredible job which no car has done before. But it won't pack up... I feel confident.

ALONG HELL ROAD

by Richard Pape

PAPE, ex-RAF bomber navigator and author of the best-selling novel "Boldness Be My Friend," is driving from the Arctic Circle to Cape Town, a journey never made before by car. He writes now from the rain and mud of Nigeria and the Cameroons as, again and again, he tries to fight a way through to the South...

Garoua, French Cameroons.

GETTING to this small French centre of Garoua has represented an agony of frustration, mud, rocks, swimming, and wading.

I got here at midnight after three hours of digging, mud-wallowing, and jacking up the car on a waterlogged track. But I got it out and went on.

I now look for the worst around every corner and hope for the best. I am tired of disappointing myself in believing that the worst is over.

The officials in Kano, Nigeria, told me the road to Maiduguri was good... It was a slithering mass of mud.

'Impossible'

The officials in Maiduguri told me that a wonderful all-weather road lay from Fort Lamy, in the Cameroons, through to the Belgian Congo.

But when we got to Fort Lamy, after 100 miles of torture from torrential rains and mosquitoes, we were told that the road south to the Congo was sealed till December.

That was our first attempt to break through to the Congo.

No relaxation

Tired, unshaven, covered in mud, we returned to Maiduguri. So ended Attempt No. 2 to find a way through to the South.

I checked and rechecked my maps. One further road existed, but to reach the start of it at Damaturu we had almost to retrace our way a third of the distance back to Kano. I told Brun there would be no sleep, no food, no relaxation until we reached it that night.

We reached the start of the road. It was sealed by the Nigerian Police. We argued. They said "No". I tried bribery, and again "No".

Back we—"Johan Brun, my Norwegian driver, and I went to Maiduguri. And next day we started on Attempt No. 2. We tried to get south via a road to Mora—more water, mud, and madness.

At a small outpost we were helped by a Yorkshireman, Ted Driver, in charge of roads and tracks in that area.

"Impossible to get over the river for weeks," he said. "Lake Chad is pouring millions of gallons of water all over the great central basin. No ferries, no roads; torrential rains every other day. You must be mad to hope to get through to the Congo."

But I had to break through that barrier. My escape training in the war—subterfuge, camouflage, and deceit with the enemy—proved useful again. I tried a new line. I told the police that I was an inspector of the public works department; that I had to inspect the road for hospital emergency from Yola on the River Benue.

I was taken to the office and immediately began to write out a report in the policeman's log book. Quite dazed, he unlocked the post and I shot ahead...

Brun and I drove all through the night. We prayed it wouldn't rain. It didn't. We got to the River Benue, 170 miles away. Yola was over the river. Africans ferried the car across—or rather two miles upstream,

close to the flooded bank—before turning downstream. It took two and a half hours.

On the little wooden quay at Yola stood an Englishman, Gerald Warneford, education officer for the local children. He took us to Frank Randall, chief police officer for the province of Adamawa, and the other 40 Europeans in Yola, who administer 1,250,000 Africans.

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—Yes, If We're Honest...



Seamless nylons: The new fashion in America. So far they have never caught on here, perhaps because men are known to prefer the kind with seams.

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rica. So far they
ght on here, per-
men are known
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hands on and send up one huge polyglot wall over what the Americans call "runs," the Frenchwomen call "echelles," the Germans call "laufmasche," and the British call "ladders."

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Anticrease Spun Linette Emb'd Blouses	\$12.50	\$ 9.75
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Ladies and Men.

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FASHION CONSULTANT SAYS:
A Best-Dressed Woman Can Never Relax...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

"The majority of my clients are women who have lost confidence in themselves, feel they are losing their looks, or have been out of the swim and want to get back in," she said.

"I find that most of them fall into one of two groups: they are either the salt type or

Tall, slim, with brunettes hair and a willowy figure, Miss Lambton looks as though fashion problems have never bothered her. (You got the impression they wouldn't dare to. But she says she is too all and that she can't wear stilettos, for instance, because they make her

usually cheaper and often more imaginatively styled.

Being a "best-dressed woman" may be a state often might frankly envy, but Mr. Lambton hastens to point out its snags. The feeling that you have to keep up appearances at the time; that once you have been marked as well dressed you are branded for life.

a gambler. They may succeed if they may not. Mrs. Lewis has found one drawback to the Client's don't recommend him to friends. "Visiting" a successful fishing adviser is ill-advised to a fortune-telling saying a "foolish" one. "I don't think you should waste your money to your friends that you don't know."

they all are, too-tight dresses (fine for Gracie but not for average girl); and hairdos that look as if they were combed by an electrician were also on the set-dress list.

If you're interested in what some things are and what some aren't, here are some suggestions, comments, and minor adjustments if they're needed.

please

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*for GIFTS
that always
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'S GOLD SIGNET RINGS

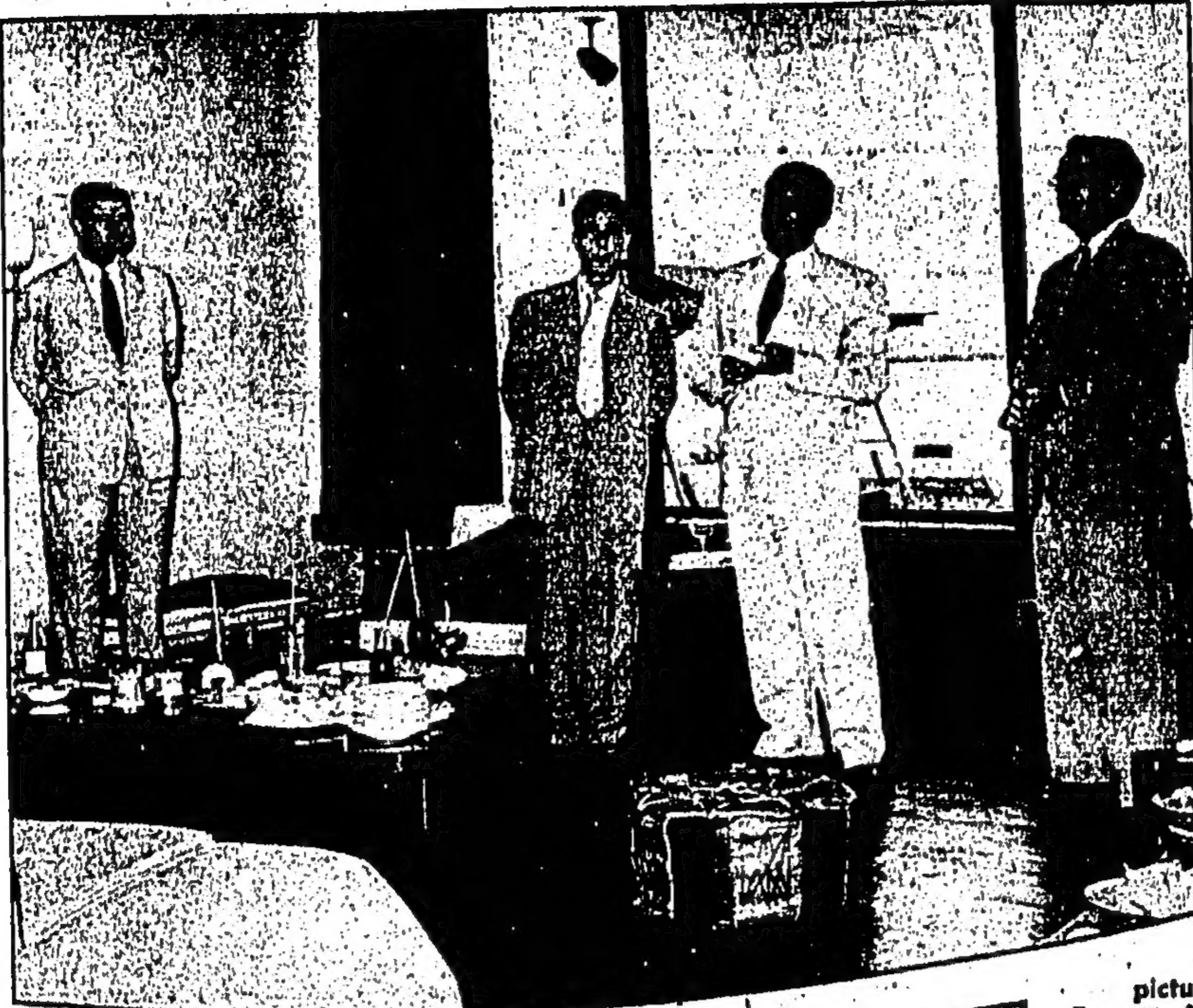
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MR Thomas E. Dowey, (right) former Governor of New York and one of the best known public figures in America, met by Mr Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General, on his arrival here last Tuesday. Mr Dowey is on a world tour. Since President Eisenhower's illness, his name has jumped into the political spotlight again. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr A. G. Crook, Acting Postmaster-General (second from right), speaking after the opening of the new Shatin Post Office. Others in picture are, from left, Mr K. M. A. Barnett, Mr Y. M. Chang and Mr D. C. Bray. (Staff Photographer)



SLIDES were shown by Dr John Poldy to illustrate his talk on Athens and Rome at the YWCA on Tuesday. Some beautiful and impressive views were shown of the two oldest cities in the Western world. (Staff Photographer)

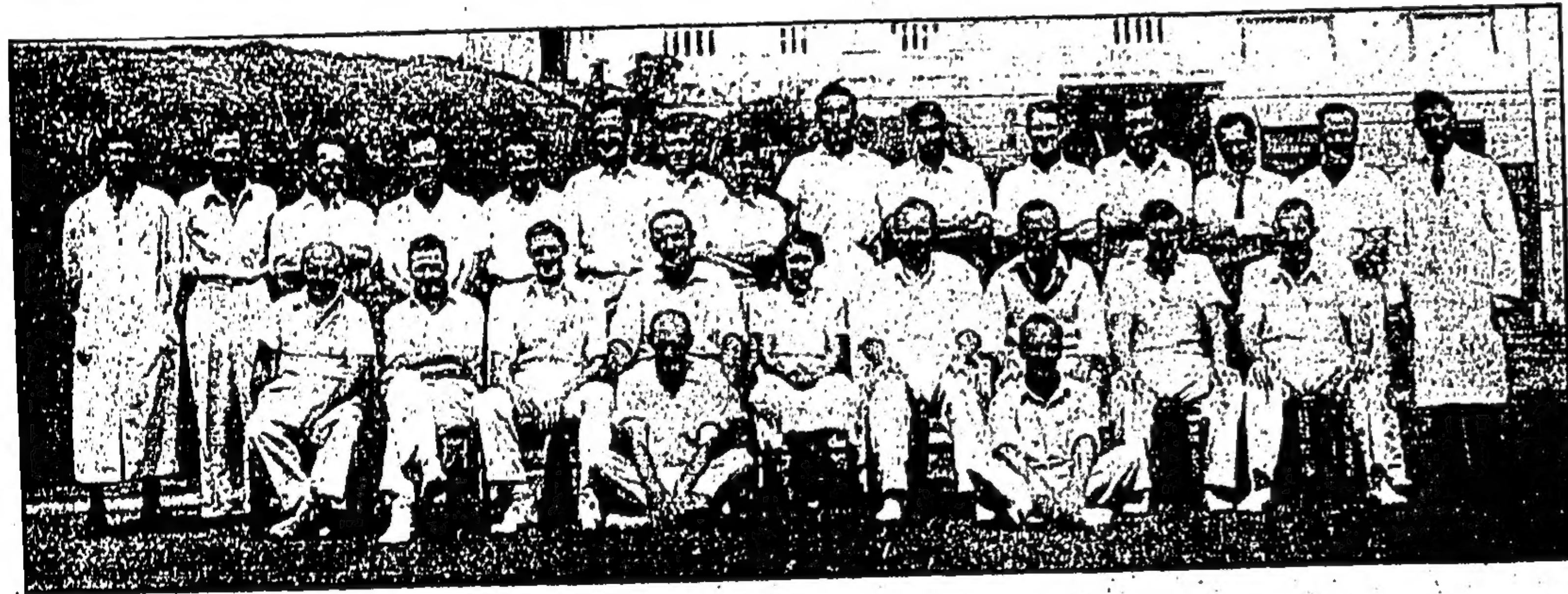


LEFT: Mr F. Wong, Mr Robert Clarke and Dr Richard Weigle at the American University Club dinner last week. Dr Weigle, who is President of St John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, gave a talk. (Staff Photographer)

LADY Rama Rau, Chairman of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, addressing a public meeting at the Gloucester Hotel. Others seen are Mrs A. B. Wadia, Mrs Leo Hah-liong and Prof. Gordon King. Lady Rama Rau is on her way to Tokyo to attend a conference. (Staff Photographer)



A party was held at the Wah Yan College on Monday in honour of the Rev. Fr. R. W. Gallagher to celebrate his golden jubilee in the priesthood. Fr. Gallagher receiving the congratulations of Mr Allan H. C. Li. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club players who took part in last week-end's two-day match for the Hancock Shield. KCC retained the trophy. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn, Acting Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, chatting with Col and Mrs J. A. Dawson at the annual Defence Force officers' dinner dance at the Repulse Bay Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



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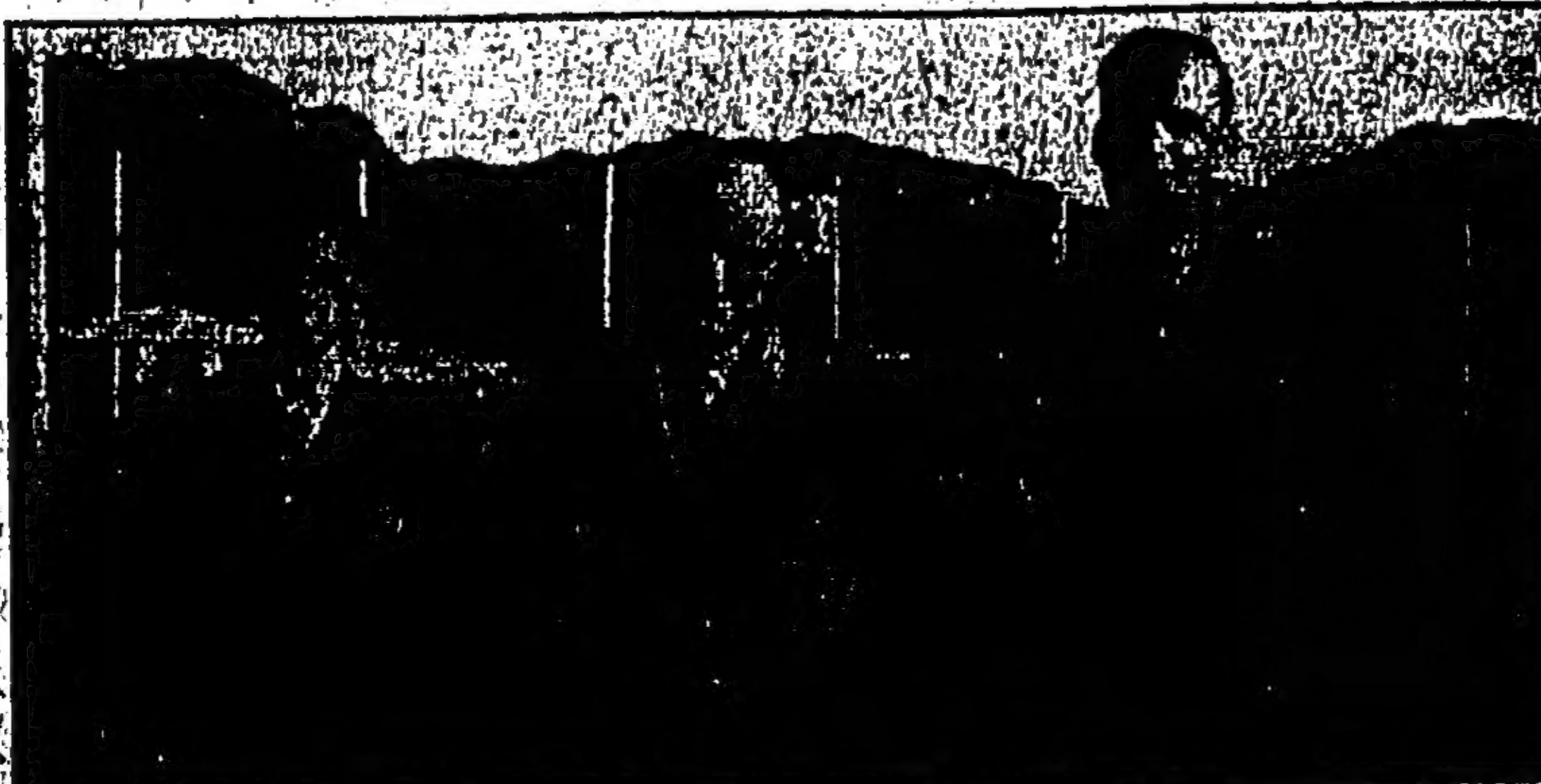
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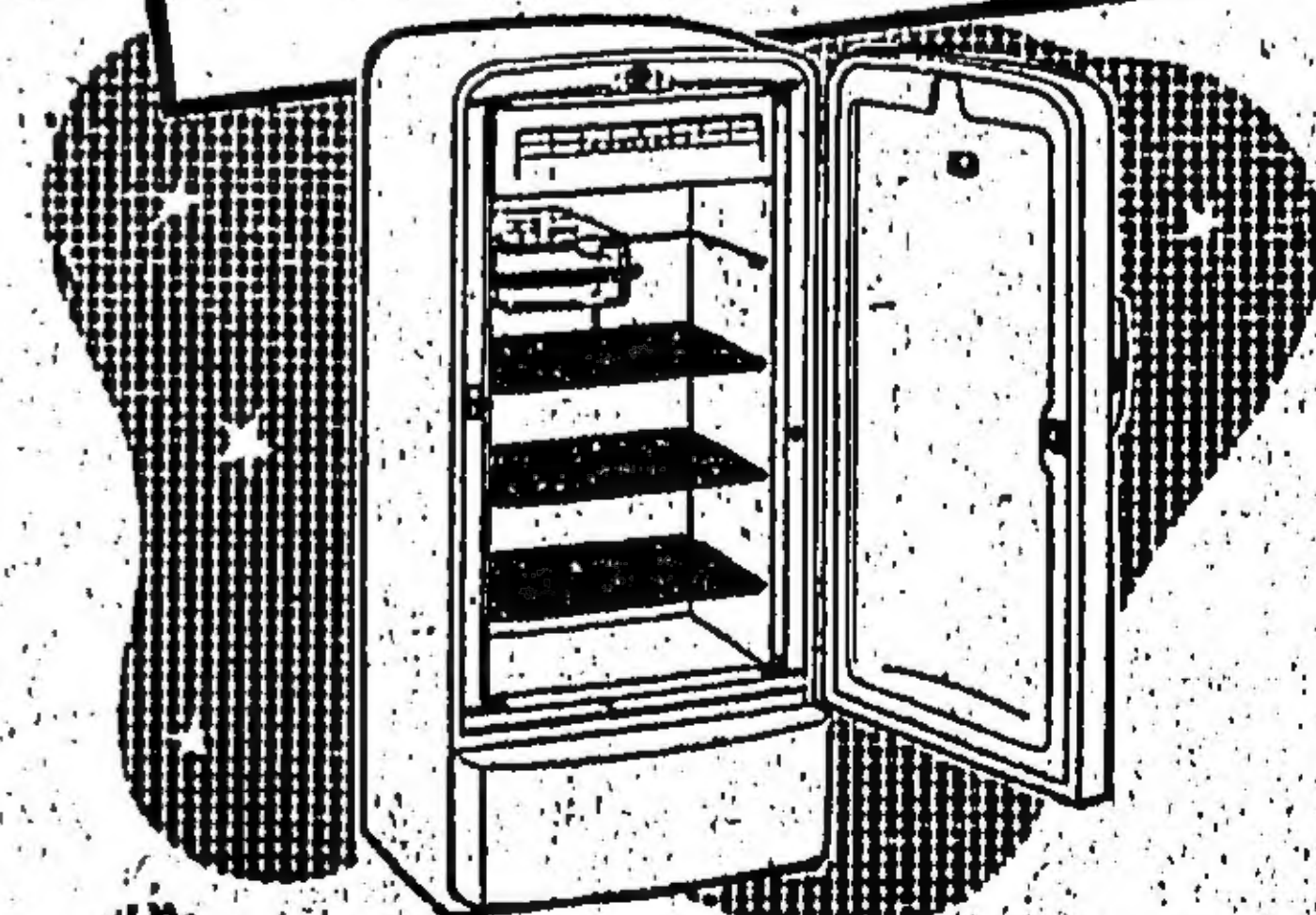
BELOW: Mr Roy Thompson (centre), managing director of The Scotsman, one of the leading newspapers in the United Kingdom, met on arrival at Kai Tak on Thursday by Mr T. R. G. Fletcher, Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, and Mr Solomon Rafack. (Staff Photographer)



LADY SUGDEN, wife of the Commander, British Forces, opened the new maternity wing at the British Military Hospital, Bowen Road, on Wednesday. Accompanied by the Director of Medical and Health Services of the Hongkong Government, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, and Service officers, she is shown above inspecting the new wing. (Staff Photographer)

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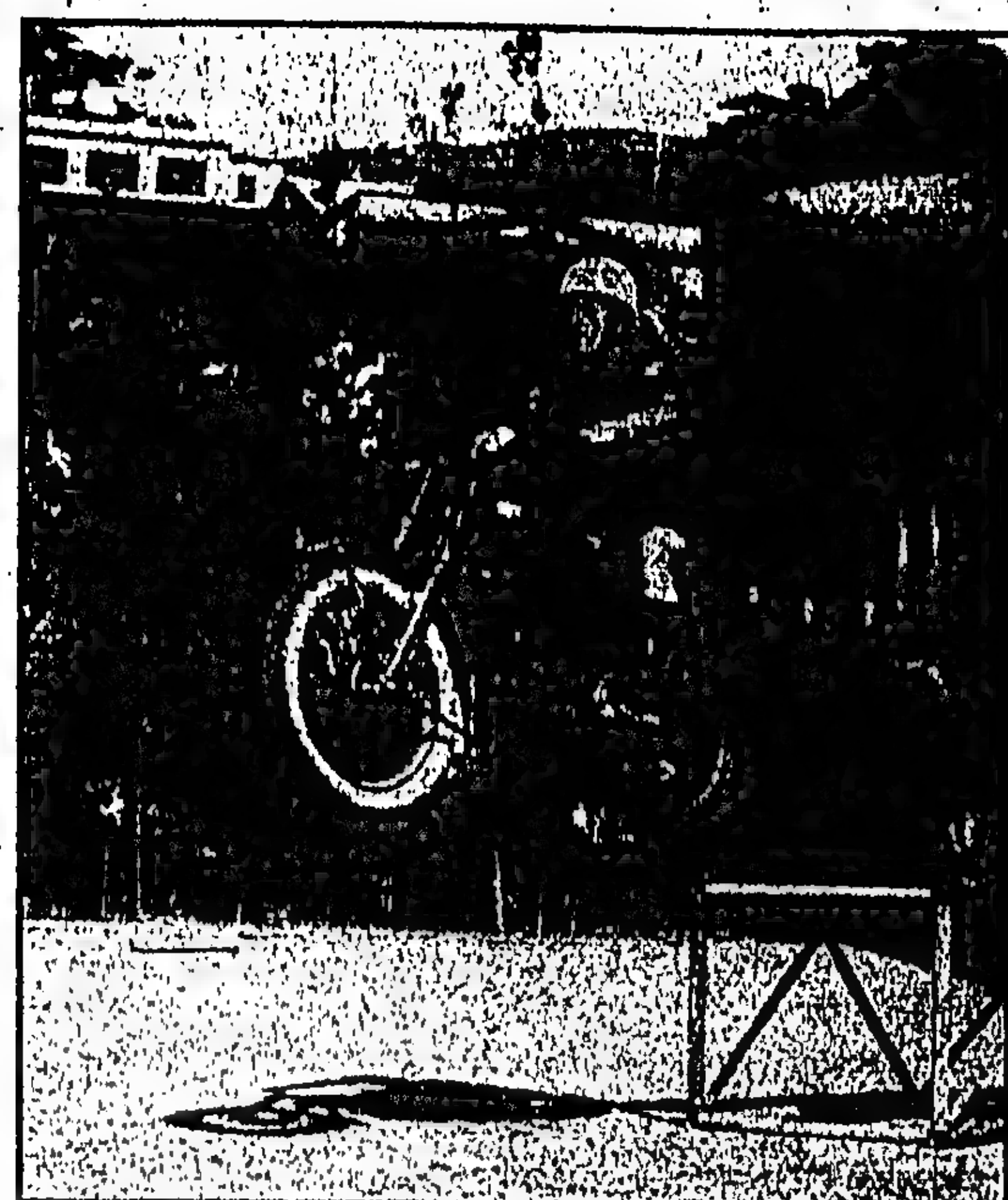
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HONEYMOONING in Hongkong this week were Mr William D. Miller, United Press bureau manager in Formosa, and his pretty bride, formerly Miss Judy Pan. She is a popular Civil Air Transport stewardess. They are making their home in Taipei.



MRS O. Skinner distributing prizes to winners at the conclusion of the whist-mahjong drive organised by Mrs J. Showan and held at her Peak home. It was in aid of the Mission to Lepers, Hay Ling Chau. Top left: Mrs G. Collis receiving the first prize for mahjong. Lower left: Mrs R. Winter, first prize for canasta. Above: Mrs Joan Rishovd, first prize for bridge. (Staff Photographer)



ONE of the Army's trick motorcyclists loops into the air at the rehearsal of the British Forces Tattoo, to be held at Caroline Hill on November 3, 4 and 5. (Staff Photographer)



MR K. S. Lo (right), newly elected Chairman of the Aberdeen Kaifong Welfare Association, receiving the seals of office from Mr K. L. Leo, outgoing Chairman, at the handing over party last week. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Scenes at the official opening of St John's College, University of Hong Kong. Pictures show Sir Kenneth Grubb, President of the Church Missionary Society, addressing the gathering and (inset) taking tea with His Excellency the Governor and Chancellor of the University, Sir Alexander Grantham. (Staff Photographer)



EAGER buyers at one of the stalls at the Kowloon Girl Guides Division fun fair and bazaar held recently. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Friends of little Carlos Manuel de Luz, Jr., at his birthday party. Carlos is the son of Mr and Mrs C. M. de Luz. (Now Standard)

LEFT: Buying a flag for charity. A young lady helping the cause of the Tung Wah Hospitals at the Kowloon ferry circus early last Saturday morning. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Kung Kee team, winners of the mini-soccer knockout tournament, with the Coca Cola Bottlers Trophy. Mrs A. P. Henningson, who presented the trophy, is seen with the team. (Staff Photographer)

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Knit While You Relax

Materials: 10 ozs. Lister's Lavender 4 ply. Pair each needles Nos. 11 and 9, 5 Buttons. 2 Safety Pins.

Measurements: To fit 34-36 ins. Bust measurement. Length from shoulder—19½ ins. Length of underarm seam—17 ins. Tension: 10½ sts. and 9 rows equal one inch (No. 9 needles). N.B. The tension of the knitting controls the size of the finished garment. Before commencing cast on 13 sts. and work in one row knit one row purl for 18 rows. If your sample has less sts. per inch than our tension, try again with smaller needles and vice versa, then work the garment on the needles which produce our tension.

Cast on—Thumb Method: 2 yards from the end twist the wool round the left thumb to make a loop and knit this loop onto the needle from the ball of wool. Repeat till required number of sts. are on the needle making the loop from the 2 yards and knitting from the ball. This method of casting on should always be used.

Abbreviations: K—Knit; P—Purl; Sts—Stitches; Ins—Inches; Tog—Together; P2IN—Purl twice into st., i.e. into front and then into back of st; K2IN—Knit twice into st., i.e. into front and then into back of st; K5IN—K1, P1, K1, P1, K1 into one st; SKPO—Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st. over; Stst—Stocking st., which is the smooth side of one row knit one row purl; C2R—Knit into next st. but one, then purl first st. finally slipping both sts. from needle together; Dr Abraham—Myerson recommends to his women patients who have difficulty in sleeping, that immediately after the evening toilet they perform all necessary toilet procedures and prepare themselves for bed so as to be ready to sleep whenever they are sleepy without rousing themselves to wash, brush the teeth, brush the hair, and don their sleeping garments.

GOOD RULES

Dr Paul H. Fluck has written for the American Medical Association 10 commandments for good sleeping. Here they are:

1. Go to bed at the same hour every night.
2. Try to get at least one hour of sleep before midnight. (Use you can!)
3. Eat no more than a glass of milk or a small bowl of cereal before retiring. Leave those crab cakes alone.
4. Never eat or drink ice cold foods before retiring. Ice cream is the worst kind of midnight snack.
5. Never listen to the radio in bed. (I know the radio can put you to sleep, but it can also wake you.)
6. Never, positively never, read in bed.
7. Provide a regular schedule for the hobby, dog or wife or husband who interferes with your rest.
8. When you go to bed, close your eyes and go to sleep. If that doesn't happen, try to remember what position you awake in the next morning. Then take that position when you go to bed that night.
9. Relax every nerve, muscle and thought. Patience won't kill you; sleeping pills may. One who cannot sleep may need medical help, but the taking of sleep-producing drugs is not wise procedure. Few of them are harmless and continuous reliance upon drugs is not the procedure of a really healthy person.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows, then cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 36 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 52 sts.

1st row: P1, * K2, P2, repeat from * ending K2, P1.

2nd row: K1, * P2, K2, repeat from * ending P2, K1.

Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 4 ins., finishing after a 1st row.

Next row (Wrong side facing): Rib 11, slip those sts. onto a safety pin, rib 18, (P2IN, P1, K2) five times, P2IN, P1, K1, (47 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and work as follows:

1st row: K3, P5, C2R, C2L, P5.

2nd row: K5, P1, K2, P1, K5, P3.

3rd row: K3, P4, C2R, P2, C2L, P4.

4th row: K4, P1, K4, P1, K4, P3.

5th row: K2IN, K3, P3, C2R, P4, C2L, P3.

6th row: K3, P1, K5, P1, K3, P3.

7th row: K3, P3, K5IN, P5, K5IN, P3.

8th row: K3, P5, K5, P5, K3, P4.

9th row: K3, P3, K5, P5, K3, P3.

10th row: K3, P5, K5, P5, K3, P3.

11th row: K2IN, K3, P3, C2R, SKPO, K1, K2tog, P3 twice.

12th row: K3, P3, K5, P3, K3, K3.

13th row: K3, P3, SK2tog, PO, P3 twice.

14th row: K14, P35.

15th row: K3, P5, K2, P5.

16th row: K5, P3, K5, P3.

Continue in pattern from 1st to 16th rows increasing one st. at opposite edge to border on next and every following 6th row until 54 sts. are on needle. Work 3 rows more.

Next row: K2IN, K3, K2tog, K2, P3, SK2tog, PO, P3 twice.

Next row: K14, P40.

Continue working border sts. in pattern increasing one st. at beginning of next and each alternate row eight times, at the same time decreasing one st. at side of front panel as before on every 6th row from previous decrease until 3 decreases and 5 rows have been worked. (60 sts.).

Next row: K4, K2tog, K2, P5, K2, P5.

Next row: K5, P2, K5, purl to end, cast on 13 sts.

Next row: Work in pattern. Continue in pattern and still decreasing at side of front panel as before, cast on 13 sts. at end of next and each alternate row five times. (130 sts.).

Continue on these sts. decreasing at front edge only on next and every following 6th row until work measures 16 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Commencing at opposite edge to border and still decreasing at Front Edge as before until 12 decreases in all have been worked, cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times, then cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row eighteen times.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Return to 11 sts. on safety pin, rejoin wool at inside edge and using No. 11 needles work in rib making further buttonholes 2 ins. apart until 5 buttonholes in all have been worked. Continue in rib until band when slightly stretched reaches to centre back of neck. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Work as Right Front Band omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVE WELTS

Join both shoulder seams. With right side facing, rejoin wool and using No. 11 needles pick up and knit 48 sts. evenly along sleeve edge.

1st row: K1, * P2, K3, repeat from * ending P2, K1.

2nd row: P1, * K2, P2, repeat from * ending K2, P1.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3 ins. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press on wrong side under a damp cloth, avoiding ribbed welts. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew front bands neatly in position, joining together at centre back of neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all in pattern, increasing one st. at

FURNISHINGS WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London, tramping round the stores, collecting samples here, pamphlets there—not to mention headcases and tired feet. But it avoided mistakes and made sure that the various pieces dovetailed together.

Two friends of mine, who have just moved from London to Aberdeen, found that their greatest difficulty was that they were buying furniture for a flat they had not seen. They decided to shop in London, because a wider selection would be available there. But how, without seeing the flat, would they know if the furniture fitted the rooms?

To discover how they would manage (and to get a quick look at current trends) I went with them on one of their shopping expeditions.

A SCALE PLAN

Before setting out they had prepared a scale plan of the rooms in their flat, from details supplied by the housing agent. As they selected each new piece of furniture they drew it to scale on the plan to make sure that it fitted.

They decided not to make up their minds on any possible buys until they had seen everything the shops had to offer. This meant

EXTREMES BANNED

But, whatever the attraction of the strange and the new, they were practical. They banned extremes in contemporary furniture and chose the more traditional. Taking the long view, they bought for a lifetime and said firmly that, even in thirty years' time, they would not want their home to be obviously dated "circa 1955."

They planned rooms in the modern manner, punctuated with colour, but not swamped with it. It would be too stimulating to live in. So they picked a white carpet for the living room. (Yes, white: it is more practical than you might imagine. It takes on an even colour; chemicals can be used to remove stains; and any colour can be had to offer. This meant

One of their problems was how to furnish their very small second bedroom, which was to accommodate two guests if necessary. They kept the furniture down to a minimum to give a maximum of floor space. They chose tall furniture to make the most of the space, but in a light colour to avoid darkening the room. To save space they bought bunk beds, but selected the new variety that transform into two single beds. (One is supported above the other on a metal frame, but they can be separated into two single beds if there is room enough for them.)

COFFEE HOUSE CEILING

Even though they had wanted contemporary chairs and curtain fabrics, the final choice was not simple, so varied are the prints on the market just now. I left them looking at a range of cotton prints—easy to launder and starch—which included a window box print in Swiss cotton with a floral design on yellow and grey window pane checks; a gay "moddy" print for bathroom or kitchen, with story book motifs of spinning wheels and toy soldiers; and the more traditional floral patterns brought up to date with bright splashes of colour.

For rugs to brighten the living room, they selected the type in tufted cotton, which are washable and not damaged by muddy foot-marks and spill coffee.

For their kitchen, small and with a sloping ceiling, they had an idea, inspired by one of the new coffee houses. The coffee house ceiling was painted in red and white made to look like the roof of a marquee. Certainly the idea brightened a dull, sunless kitchen.

DO YOU EVER TRY COUNTING SHEEP?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THE harder you try to get to sleep the less will be your chances of success. That is why counting

The underlying cause of teasing

MOST of us constantly strive to feel worthwhile and to cause others to think that we are. Of course, it may not be our conscious purpose to do so. Human nature prompts us to seek proof of our self-importance.

One way we have, when we are not watching ourselves, of gaining a feeling of self-importance, is by annoying others with teasing. When we tease another person, we consider him less important than we are, or try to kid ourselves and others that he is. The more annoyed or embarrassed he becomes, the more sure we are of our own superiority.

Husband and Wife

Accordingly, a husband takes a "dig" at his wife in the presence of others under the guise of humour. Or his wife may be the teaser. Next time you attend a small, informal social gathering, where there are numerous married couples, notice how often this happens.

For the same reason, a bachelor-uncle, a grandfather or occasionally, a father will tease a young child just to see him get angry. An adult should find a better way to prove his own worth.

You should also prohibit children from teasing one another excessively. If you can, but this is not easy. Punishment is only a temporary measure. You should try to discover the real cause of the teasing.

It might be jealousy. The teaser may feel that he doesn't get as much attention and approval as he feels entitled to in the family group as well as the brother or sister he teases; or he may fear that he will lose the favoured place he already has.

To Get Attention

Usually, the teaser is the eldest child or the one next to the baby. Teasing gives him a feeling of self-importance. The more the child who is teased is annoyed, the greater the satisfaction the teaser gains. Punishment is a way of getting attention, which he may consider better than little or none at all. Occasionally a younger child will tease an older one and get him angry enough to harm the teaser, so the latter can tell on the older and enjoy seeing him punished. Most teasing is a kind of testing, with the purpose usually of discovering if the teased is as important as the teaser feels he is.

—Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

sheep or doing mental arithmetic will never help to induce drowsiness.

Sleep is a state of complete relaxation with reduction in most life activities and total suspension of some. Therefore, anything which requires concentration, such as the determination to get to sleep or the mental exercises of counting, is not good.

Much of so-called insomnia is not insomnia at all. It is rather the fear of the consequence of lost sleep. There need be no fear that the normal person will remain sleepless long enough to do him harm. When he really requires sleep he will sleep no matter how hard he tries to stay awake.

The physiology of sleep has been studied by many investigators but none has yet arrived at a complete explanation for this strange phenomena in which there is unconsciousness, lowering of all the perceptions and a reduction in basic activities such as breathing, heartbeat and the continuous chemical processes which we call metabolism.

SLEEP MECHANISM

It is definitely known that there is a sleep mechanism within a sleep centre located in the lower portion of the brain. This is demonstrated by the fact that there are certain diseases, mental in character, in which wakefulness is a characteristic. Also, the symptoms of many mental disturbances are worse in the morning. Those who fight through a hard night for sleep and finally fall into a deep unconsciousness as if they were drugged usually wake a few hours later unrefreshed and generally feeling very bad. The accumulation of fatigue products in the body and particularly in the brain produces sleepiness. Persons who have difficulty in sleeping will do best if they take advantage of drowsiness whenever it occurs and do their sleeping against the time. Those who have difficulty sleeping on trains may, for example, find themselves quite sleepy after dinner. If they

Pointers For Home Manicurists

WHEN a woman does her nails at home, the treatment consists of removing polish, filing nails, applying new polish. That's all!

No wonder the beauty shop treatment looks better and lasts longer.

A good manicure is thorough. It begins with removing old polish. Saturate a cotton square with remover and apply it to nails. If you hold the cotton against the nail for a few seconds, the old polish will slide off.

Shape nails with an emery board. The best technique is to work from the side of the nail to the centre. Don't file the top edge of the nail. The top edge will be filed by the brush when you apply the polish.

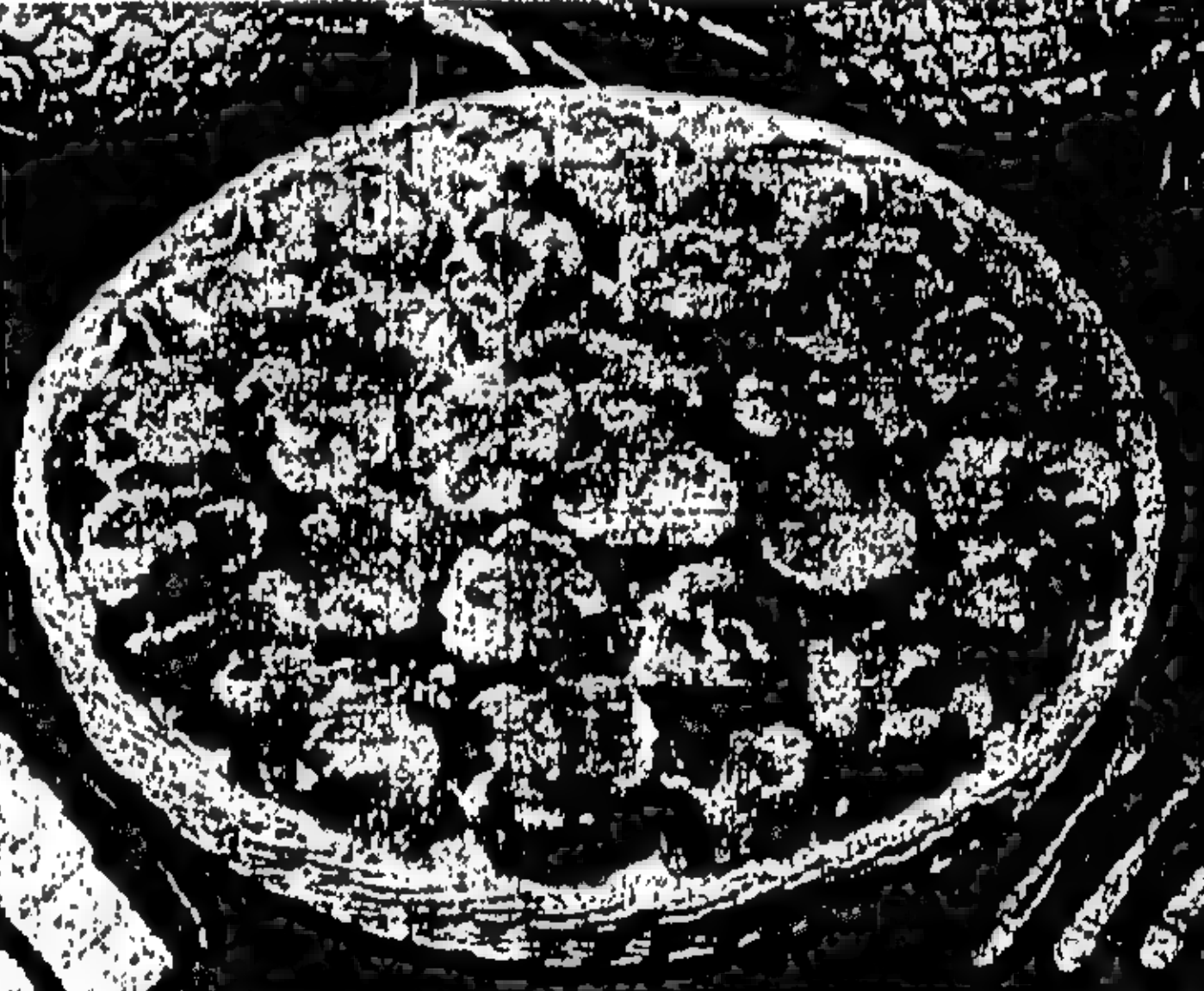
Before applying polish, run the orange stick under nails to clean them and use a nail brush to remove dirt and polish from under the nail. When it comes to the actual polishing, apply a base coat, two coats of polish and a finishing coat. Let each dry thoroughly before going on to the next. Use a polish-drying spray, or, if you have no spray, let the nails dry for 10 to 15 minutes. Work with a brush in a mirror.

Buffing helps nails, too. Buff across the nail. It will leave a smooth surface for polish.

Next, dip hands in soft, soapy water. A few minutes is all that's required to soften the cuticle. Use an orange stick, wrapped in cotton, and dipped in cuticle remover to push cuticles back gently. A tissue comes in handy to wipe away dead cuticles.

Before applying polish, run the orange stick under nails to clean them and use a nail brush to remove dirt and polish from under the nail. When it comes to the actual polishing, apply a base coat, two coats of polish and a finishing coat. Let each dry thoroughly before going on to the next. Use a polish-drying spray, or, if you have no spray, let the nails dry for 10 to 15 minutes. Work with a brush in a mirror.

ARRANGE PINEAPPLE crumb cakes in individual paper cups on a wicker tray. Delicious when hot and spread with a pat of butter.



Pineapple Crumb Cakes Top Off A Brunch Menu

By Ida Bailey Allen

"THE brunch or late breakfast on Sundays and holidays is much like the French déjeuner or second breakfast," observed the Chef.

"However, in France, it is literally luncheon."

Cafe-au-lait

"Everyone starts the day just with hot rolls and cafe-au-lait, which means equal parts of hot coffee and heated milk, poured both at the same time into the cup to blend thoroughly."

"For all those who serve brunch in the late morning, I suggest providing the little French breakfast in the early morning for a more satisfying day."

"And to top off a brunch menu, Chef," I added, "I recommend our new pineapple crumb cakes."

Pineapple Crumb Cakes: Sift together 2 c. already sifted enriched flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ c. sugar.

Melt ¼ c. margarine; stir in ¼ c. milk, ¼ c. juice from canned pineapple, and 1 beaten egg. Add the dry ingredients; mix until barely blended.

Roll all material into small, thin cakes (use paper liners if you like). Top each with 1 pineapple slice. Bake 30 min. in a moderate oven, 375° F.

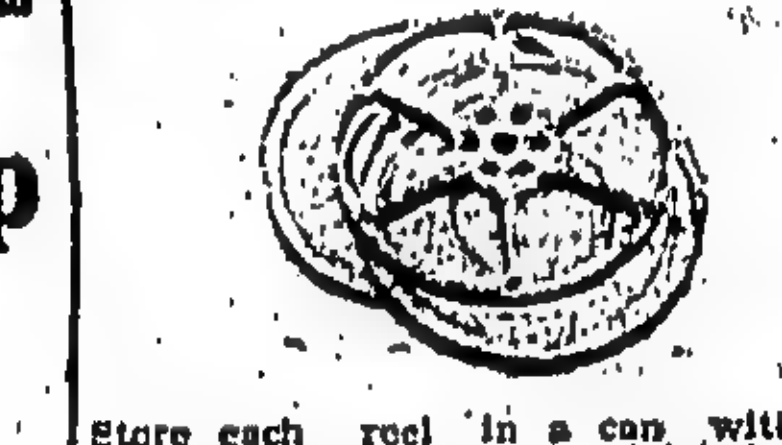
Filmo TIPS! FILM CARE

HOW TO HANDLE AND STORE YOUR FILMS

Part of the protection your film receives comes from the way you handle it. Careless handling can ruin your film. Handle your film with care. Do not touch the film surface. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might scratch or damage it. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might cause it to become brittle or discolored.

GIVE YOUR FILMS THE PROTECTION THEY DESERVE

Use a good film can. A good film can is one that is made of a material that is resistant to moisture and light. It should also be airtight. This will help to keep your film in good condition for a long time.



Store each reel in a can with a smoothly fitting cover, and seal with film tape for easy identification. Cans may, in turn, be stored in a film storage case, convenient for carrying and protecting against loss or damage. Keep film in a cool, dry place, to prevent film from drying out or becoming too moist. Do not store film, especially, must be treated with care. If film seems brittle, moisten gently with a small piece of paper, moisten gently and place it moist side down in the centre of the bottom half of the can. Do not add excessive moisture and never add moisture to colour film.

PERFECT PROTECTION FOR TREASURED FILMS DE LUXE FILM

All metal storage chests to hold your reels and cans safely and orderly. Film canisters removable for easy access to film.



Choose a projector and editing equipment that will touch your irreplaceable film. The editing equipment may be the picture area, untouched. Poor equipment will cause film perforation damage. Film should be handled with care. Do not touch the film surface. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might scratch or damage it. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might cause it to become brittle or discolored.

Remove film from can by peeling it through a slot. Film should be handled with care. Do not touch the film surface. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might scratch or damage it. Do not let the film come in contact with anything that might cause it to become brittle or discolored.

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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTERCivilisation?
Not For Us,
Thank You!

By Pauline Walton

Bombay
INDIA has announced new plans for the future of her many aboriginal tribes. Untouched by the changes that independence has brought to their country, they seldom pay taxes, they refuse to learn to read and write, they ignore prohibition and other restrictions.

One of the oldest tribes is the Ramadoot, who live in the remote jungle of Chital Durga, in Hyderabad. They have a hereditary chieftain, always distinguished by a magnificent moustache on the left side only. From him the Ramadoots take all their orders, believing him specially chosen by the gods. They do not approve of attempts to "civilise" them.

When younger members of the tribe visit neighbouring bazzars and bring back cigarettes, shappies (sandals) and razors, they feel that corruption is creeping in.

Only a short time ago, the men wore a loincloth of deer skin, and the women nothing at all except a few leaves twisted together. Today the men have adopted a coloured cotton loincloth, and the women have reluctantly learned to wear saris. But on special occasions, the Ramadoots return to their old ways.

When a marriage is being celebrated, no cloth garments may be worn. Leaves are the only covering. The wedding night is spent in a cave in the forest, far away from the rest of the community.

Bows and arrows are carried by all the men, and no youth may marry until he has proved his skill as an archer. If he fails, he must try another community to find a wife. Youths who continue to fail return to the forest to drink the juice of a plant which destroys their virility. Then they become priests, performing sacrifices, and preparing bows and arrows for others to use.

Punishment for immorality is a matter for general discussion. The boy and girl are tied to different trees while the tribe decides which is the more to blame. Whatever the decision, the couple must marry—and the parents of the guilty one provide drinks all round!

The Educational System Of Red China

THE MIND FACTORY
OF MAO TSE-TUNG

By Lily Abegg

OF the many Indians who have visited Red China, the majority have been particularly impressed by the grimness and joylessness of the Chinese youth of today.

Morales, the publisher of the Times of India writes in his "Report of Mao's China" that one morning in Mukden he saw a long file of small children marching out of town in well-organised ranks of four with serious expressions on their faces. To the question where the children were going, the interpreter said: "For a picnic—this is a picnic march."

Morales adds: "I took this as a picnic march. For a picnic march, indeed. A picnic picnic me think of laughing and strolling, baskets full of food, a lane winding through fields and hills and relaxation by a peaceful stream. Dead-serious children in ranks of four. Robots in the street. It was absurd. Yet in these grim little children on their picnic march I felt I was suddenly recognising the reality of Mao's China."

Another Indian, Raja Huthsing, reported that it was touching to see how some three to six years old children in a children's home in Shanghai nestled against him because he stroked their heads. It was clear to him that the little ones were not used to such gentleness any more.

★ ONE gathers from the Red Chinese newspapers that teachers and youth leaders are being asked to guide the conversion of these children on their picnic marches on "visible lies". It is recommended, for instance, that they should be encouraged to discuss the production of the iron works in Anshan or the relationship of America with the bandits of Chiang Kai-shek.

Red China is tough. The Party leaders think in a cold, calculating and completely materialistic way. They wish to educate men not as men but simply as machines—in other words, as functionaries of the Party or of the economic plan. The idea of a "noble man" as the old China of Confucius knew him does not exist any longer. From the Communist point of view only a robot can be "noble".

Before coming into power the Communist Party of China stood for the general education of the people, and in so doing it gained great sympathy amongst the common people of China, most of whom were illiterate but had a passion for education. In fact, the Party must have been anxious to spread literacy so that its propaganda would have its effect as widely as possible amongst the people.

Since then the bosses in Peking have achieved a new understanding. They see that for the masses of the people there is something more important than primary schools and

the understanding of Marxist ideals. They see that the important thing is work. Slaves do not need to read and write—no simply gives them orders.

In the early years the Peking regime, true to its promises, started building primary schools, since this was an urgent need in this vast country which was so ill-provided with schools. The number of primary schools is said to have been raised, between 1949 and 1953, from 347,000 to 877,000, and the number of pupils from 24 million to 55 million (according to the People's Daily, Peking, of July 15, 1954).

It is not possible to check these figures, and according to reliable foreign sources there is good reason to think they are exaggerated. However, this is not important!

★ FALL more decisive is the resolution taken at the second Educational Conference at Peking in June 1953, that there should be no further development of primary schools and grammar schools. And this in a country where in 1953, at the time when the resolution was taken, according to Communist statements just over half of the children who came under the rule for compulsory attendance at school were in fact attending schools—a country also which has a rapidly increasing population. According to Peking reports the population of China was nearly 600 million, a figure which is certainly as exaggerated as the figure of 55 million for schoolchildren.

The resolution of the educational conference was ratified by the Red Chinese Cabinet by a decree of November 24, 1953. It is strange that many foreign visitors to Red China (for instance the British Labour Members of Parliament) report on the magnificent educational institutions which they saw in Peking while they refrain from mentioning these resolutions which are so characteristic of the spirit of the regime, despite the fact that they were published in official Party newspapers.

Red China thinks that it cannot afford an extension in the educational system because it regards economic construction and rearmament as more important. Moreover it appeared that parents whose children attended a primary school (incidentally the primary school course lasts only five years) were inclined to send them to a lower grammar school.

★ BUT this is most undesirable. The Party makes exact calculations as to how many people with grammar school, technical school and university education it needs, and the rest will be directed into agriculture or sent to work on the fields or allowed to work in mines or factories. [The industrial workers form the most privileged class].

The regime now has the greatest trouble to convince the disappointed nation that the building of higher educational institutions is making faster progress because Red China has far too few specialists, especially in technology.

The ABC scholars, who have a five-year period of schooling behind them. These will be alerted counted among the "Intelligentsia" on an average not even 10 percent are allowed to attend grammar school. In 1953 there were 3 to 3.5 million middle school pupils in China and 200,000 to 250,000 pupils in universities and technical colleges.

By way of comparison it should be mentioned that the number of grammar school pupils in Japan, whose population is less than a sixth of that of China was in 1951 more than 7 million, and the number of students attending institutions of higher education (including 270,000 university students) was 368,000.

The selection of students to attend institutions of higher education depends primarily on fidelity to the Party and not, as in other countries, on examinations. The Party needs flexible instruments who will be trained into "Spezial", i.e. specialists or bureaucrats. The idea of "education" and freedom and versatility of interests is of course a bourgeois—capitalistic prejudice.

A pupil who is to be selected by the "Infallible Party"—a Red Chinese expression—for permission to study cannot of course choose his subject himself. The "Infallible Party" decides he should become an engineer, a doctor, a jurist or a teacher.

★ SOMETIMES the Red Chinese newspapers publish letters from students who at first in their hearts have resisted the Party's decision (for example, the decision that a young man with literary aspirations is to become a mechanical engineer). These letters writers declare uncomplainingly that in the end they realised that one must submit to the wisdom of the Party, and that they are now happy in this knowledge.

In 1954, 38 percent of all Chinese students were required to study technology, and 17 percent natural sciences and medicine. Only a smaller proportion found their way into finance and economics, law, agriculture, forestry etc. "The Arts" have to be satisfied with 0.43 percent. Literature, history and philosophy were not mentioned at all in the "decree for the enrolment of students in 1954" (published by the official Red Chinese News Agency on May 20, 1954). Are these subjects perhaps included in "The Arts"?

★ In spite of the feverish rate of economic activity only 2.17 percent of the students found their way into finance and economics. It is therefore clear that the relevant Communist writings from Marx to Mao Tse-tung which the students of all subjects must study.

★ UNLIKE the situation with regard to primary schools, the building of higher educational institutions is making faster progress because Red China has far too few specialists, especially in technology.

The teaching and study material consists almost exclusively of translations from Russian. Even in primary schools, except in history and geography, Russian books will be used. Hundreds of Soviet experts teach in the institutions of higher education in China.

The People's University at Peking, the largest and the most representative in the country, was built with Soviet pattern. Recently 500 Red Chinese professors were ordered to attend a special course at the People's University at Peking in order to enable them to copy the desired Soviet pattern in provincial universities.

★ BECAUSE Red Chinese education does not put any value on humanly decent principles and morals, crime, especially in the form of juvenile delinquency, with all kinds of other excesses, is very prevalent. The Party is interested above all in automatic obedience and professional skill, but not in the least in people's private lives, provided no question of political resistance arises.

Many young people are not able to endure the harsh demands of the Party; they are incapable of living according to the "heroic optimism" that is propagated, and they kick over the traces as soon as they escape from their workshops and the eternally same, tedious courses in political education. Violence, sexual murders and other sexual crimes and orgies of all kinds (even narcotics can be bought) are widespread.

It is only since the Party became frightened and decided to combat these tendencies that the facts began to come to light; for at that point examples and statistics were published in the newspapers of Red China in order to justify the measures that had to be taken.

★ In this way it was revealed, for instance that "women do not dare to go into the streets after dark" and that "girls working in factories are raped after leaving the factory."

In the People's Palaces the dances sometimes degenerated into sexual orgies with Party and State officials inviting girls from grammar schools to their disreputable "evening entertainments."

In spite of this the punishment for such "private errors" is still astonishingly mild because it is only a question of so-called "exploiting classes" and "personal problems". A man

who seduces a minor can get off scot-free; a sexual murderer is not necessarily subject to the death sentence; but anyone evading a Party order or stealing a pound of grain belonging to the State is certain to be hanged. It is a barbarous atmosphere of brutality and vulgarity.

It is only recently that the Party has begun trying to make parents responsible once more for the "morale of youth." Only two or three years ago these parents were apparently doing everything wrong and the children were kept spying on them and denouncing them to the Police.

But we read today that it is not desirable that "a Communist should live according to his Communist ethics in his office while at home he takes life easily and does not worry about the children".

★ The Communist system of State education from the cradle to the grave has not been working well. Meanwhile it appears to be very difficult to persuade the youth of Red China to respect old age now that they have got into the habit of laughing at the older generation (including university professors).

For of course, the party bosses, the army and the "Spezial" are able to send their children to school, and thus a new privileged class is already coming up. In practice the Communist ideal of "classless society" does not amount to very much.

In our countries all children are given elementary schooling; and if not everyone who lacks the means is able to secure higher education without more ado, there is nevertheless always the possibility of receiving a grant, or of doing spare-time study outside one's hours of employment, or of earning money in a profession so as later to attend a university; briefly, there are all sorts of possibilities of making one's way.

There is no such thing in Red China. The State decides whether at all one attends a school and if so which, and that's that. For the great masses of the people it is a gloomy system without any hope.

The small circle of the privileged in Red China is considerably tougher, more reckless and more pitiless than the so-called "exploiting classes" of the capitalist countries.



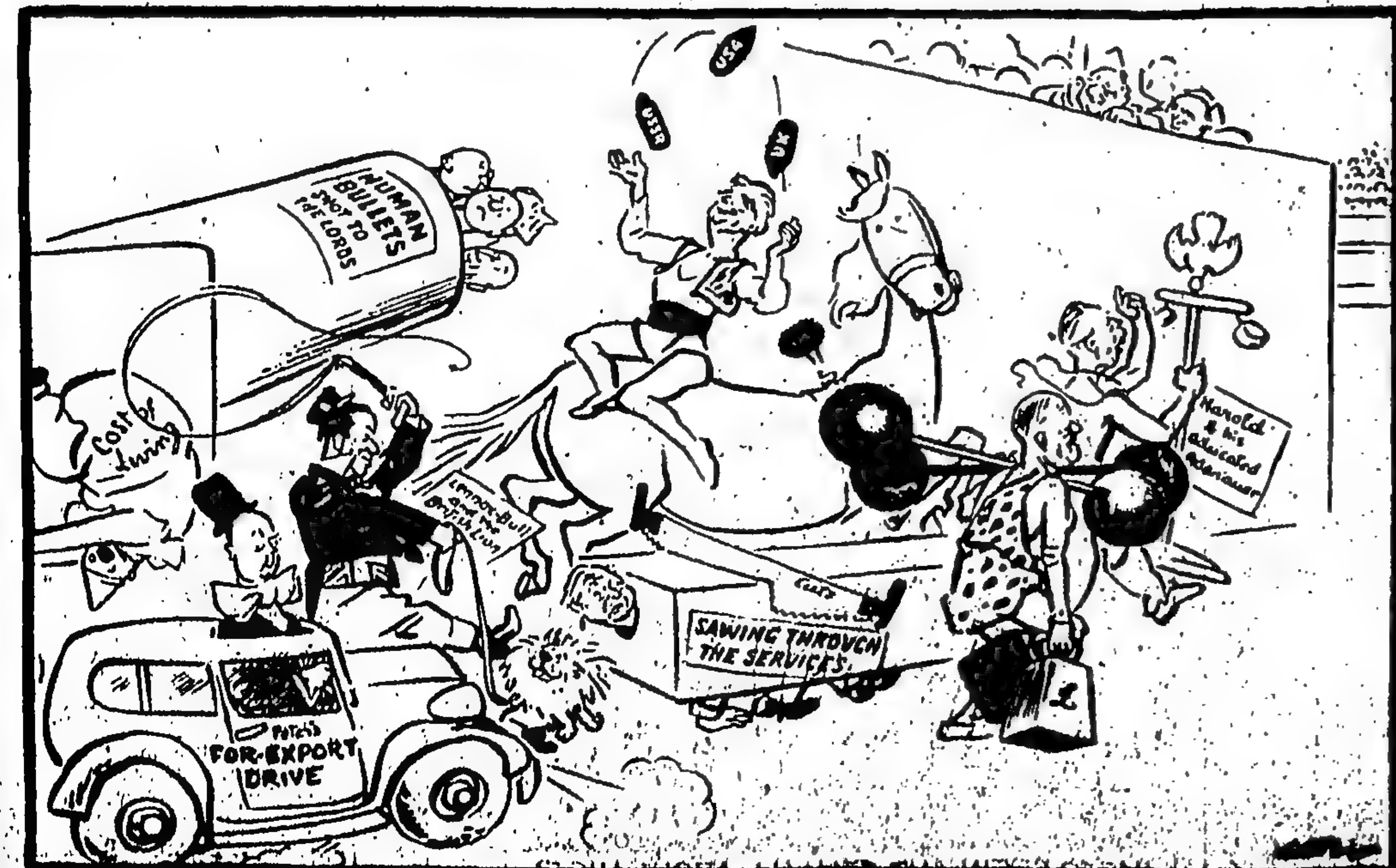
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ZANY
... by Artie

"Come on, make up your mind which boat you want to take, Rita Hayworth!"

Mr Lewis finds Faith

—on a trip
to the Zooby George
Malcolm Thomson

SURPRISED BY JOY. By C. S. Lewis. Geoffrey Bles. 15s. 224 pages.

FOR Professor Clive Staples Lewis (Medieval and Renaissance English, Cambridge) there is no doubt what is the most important event in his life of 57 years. It occurs on page 223 of his 25th book where he writes, "I was driven to Whipsnade one sunny morning. When we

set out I did not believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and when we reached the zoo, I did."

Lewis, aged 31, had reached the zoo by easy stages.

For some time before conversion, he had been uneasy about his atheism, although it agreed admirably with his dislike of ritual, ecclesiastical and church-going. Looking back on it now, he pokes easy fun at his own pompous patronage of "the Christian myth."

'I GAVE IN'

He began to talk airily about the Absolute, then of "God," distinguished sharply from "the God of popular religion."

Thus he was led, struggling and kicking, to the moment he recounts thus: "In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed." In his room in Magdalen, from this it was only another long step to the zoo.

To the zoo and what came after, when C. S. Lewis, erudite tutor in literature, became an immensely popular Christian dilettante, capable of making theology entertaining (see The Screwtape Letters, in which Christian faith and morals are ingeniously presented through the eyes of a minor devil). The professional theologians despised; the public read.

BACHELOR DON

Some may have been converted; many more were constrained to admit that, in the ruddy-faced, pipe-smoking, tweedy bachelor don, with the traces of Belfast accent, English Christianity had found an apt new champion.

He preached in Oxford, the greatest pulpit "draw" since Newman, it was said. His arguments were cogent, as that of a Triple First should be.

sincere and emotional. Once in Magdalen College Chapel, Lewis moved himself so much that he had to leave the pulpit for a little to recover.

Backed by eleven heads of colleges, he was beaten in 1951 by Cecil Day Lewis for the Oxford Chair of Poetry. It was his only academic setback.

Many readers of Surprised by Joy will regret that Lewis decided, at some stage in writing it, to tell the story of his life as a preparation for his conversion. For he has left for ordinary mundane autobiography. His picture of his school Wyvern (Lewis was at Malvern for a year) during a bad phase in its history, is admirably and frankly done.

He paints an affectionate but candid portrait of his father, a Belfast solicitor with a declamatory manner, who, having sent his sons to a public school, was disappointed when two public schoolboys were duly returned to him.

BEST PORTRAIT

Best portrait of all is that of "Kirk" (Dr. Kirkpatrick), the ex-Presbyterian, ex-schoolmaster who prepared Lewis for Oxford. A few minutes after meeting him, Lewis, making conversation, said he was surprised by the scenery of Surrey, so much "wilder" than he expected.

"Stop!" shouted Kirk, "what do you mean by wildness and what grounds had you for not expecting it?" It was an introduction to a discipline in logic which lasted all through Lewis's stay with his terrifying but brilliant tutor.

Once Mrs. Kirkpatrick invited seven friends in for bridge; by some error her husband found his way into the drawing-room. Hours later he was discovered sitting on a stool in the midst of seven elderly ladies begging them to clarify their terms.

There was only one flaw in Kirk's logical Rationalism. He

spent Sundays as he spent weekdays, working in his garden. But on Sundays he gardened in a slightly more respectable suit, Presbyterianism dies hard.

From Kirk, Lewis passed on to Oxford, to the 1914-18 war, where he "took" 60. German prisoners ("that is, discovered to my great relief that the crowd of old-grey figures, who suddenly appeared from nowhere, all had their hands up"); to the philosophical preoccupations which made him "the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England."

Lewis in order to describe the pilgrimage of one who is still "surprised he did not become a Lenin. Atheist, satirical intellectual of the type we all know."

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT. by Jim Bishop. Widenfold and Nicolson. 18s. 264 pages.

HOOR-BY-HOOR account of Good Friday, April 14, 1865—and all that happened in Washington relating to the President's assassination. Workmanlike job of historical reporting.

SHAKA ZULU. By E. A. Richter. Longmans. 21s. 383 pages.

BLACK Napoleon who in 18 years conquered and pacified an area in Africa larger than Europe. Full-length portrait of a great savage.

ROUGH WINDS OF MAY. by Nancy Hallinan. Collins. 15s. 414 pages.

A NATURAL-BORN novelist. A story of young love set in London. Notable in particular for a convincing portrait of a painter of genius. Real achievement, more promise.

A ROSE FOR WINTER. By Laurie Lee. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d. 160 pages.

AN English poet's journey through Spain, accompanied by a pretty woman. He has a poet's eye for Spain. The Spaniards have Spaniards' eyes for his companion.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RAIN OF MONEY A fine autumn rain began to fall last week on the village of Talsieu in the Ain department of southeast France—a rain of £60,000 in good British money.

Mention Britain to any of the 355 inhabitants and they volunteer "Glorious country! Noble people!" In Talsieu's one cafe there's a constant clinking of glasses as the white wine toasts are raised "Vive l'Angleterre! Bravo for the Bank of England."

For the villagers have just won a three-year tussle for a fortune left to them by Mrs. Louise Allen of Muswell Hill, North London.

Mrs. Allen died in 1952, leaving £60,000 of her £251,000 estate to the village where she spent her girlhood. When the Mayor, 62-year-old Paul Mounet, received the news, he called the village municipal councillors together.

The village was dying on its feet. The young people were deserting it. The land was going sour for lack of care; those who stayed behind were living in misery—and the village treasury was empty. "This legacy is going to save us," M. Mounet told the councillors.

But exchange rules barred transfer of the money. Other legal snags cropped up. "To the devil with all the banking rules," M. Mounet said. "I'm going to get that cash."

He left his baker's shop, travelled to Paris, consulted international lawyers, exchange experts. He read up the law and regulations himself—and found a way that the bank agreed to accept.

So last week Mr. H.J.F. Wilson, British bank envoy, walked into Talsieu handing out envelopes of money to the village poor. It was the first allotment on Mrs. Allen's £60,000.

Mr. Wilson told the villagers that he'd be calling on them with more about Christmas-time and regularly after that.

Now, with forward plans for turning their village into a bright model place, the people of Talsieu are looking forward to a rosy new era.

PALACE FACELIFT A light brown tarpaulin is draped over the balcony of 250-year-old Buckingham Palace. On the spot where the Royal Family step out to greet the people on great occasions, a stand three workmen in blue overalls, shirt-sleeves rolled up. From the courtyard below they are hauling up wooden cradles on ropes.

A month. Nothing more drastic than scrubbing brushes and cold water has been used. But the effect is startling.

The former dark facade has vanished. In its place is gleaming whiteness. The Royal Arms stand out with new clarity. Pediments, porticoes and pillars appear with unfamiliar freshness.

The Palace was last cleaned only in the 1930's. It has taken less than a quarter of a century for the building to become crusted with grime. There can be few more striking demonstrations of the poisonous smoke of the London atmosphere.

KING OF TRAMPS Andre Billaud, 51, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, claims to be the king of tramps. In 30 years he has walked 125,000 miles, visited five continents, been the guest of exotic royalties and spent thousands of nights in haystack and beneath hedges.

He was in Vienna the other day. He had just walked from Germany and was making his way through the Iron Curtain for the Balkans—via Hungary and Rumania.

The colourful beg book he keeps of his wanderings, with its hundreds of official stamps and signatures—including that of the Mayor of Moscow—is his passport, which has never yet failed him. And he is sure that it will get him across the Iron Curtain as it has got him across every other frontier, including the Egyptian-Israeli border at the time when those two nations were at war.

"I started tramping in 1912 when I was 15. It has got into my blood, and I consider my life well spent on the roads of the world. In four years' time I expect to have completed 200,000 kilometres (130,000 miles) and then I shall probably retire. A small house with a vineyard near Bordeaux."

What is he going to live on? "An Australian millionaire, William Johnson, has promised me £7,000 or a life pension sufficient for my needs if I manage the 200,000 kilometres," he replied. "I think I'll take the pension."

Sunburnt and wiry, Andre looks good for a good many years yet. He was wearing a pair of corduroy trousers, a rough, worn tweed jacket and a pair of stout boots.

"You must get through quite a few of those," someone said, pointing to the boots.

"I have worn out more than 60 pairs in my travels," he replied. "But they cost me

nothing. Whenever I have worn out a pair, I get a new one from a Paris firm—as long as I return the old ones. What for? They use them for advertising purposes."

MAU MAU GIRL ROWS Girl friend troupe of Mat Mau's two top gang-leaders in goal. General Nyanga, closest lieutenant of Dedan Kimathi, the dairy clerk turned bandit king, was captured by loyal Kikuyu while rallying out new women companions for his chief.

General Kahinga Wachanga, No. 1 hatchet man for rival guerrilla leader Stanley Mathenge, shot dead his 10-man gang and surrendered to the Gloucesters.

Jealousy over women has now halved the four-man hierarchy ruling Kenya's terrorists.

The original split occurred two years ago when 34-year-old Kimathi discarded Mathenge's sister.

Furious, the concealed Mathenge, 35, and the ex-army corporal, led his 300-man gang into another part of the Aberdare Mountains to operate on his own.

When the second series of surrender talks were started early this year, Wachanga was spokesman for the Mau Mau delegation in the forest glade where Government officers and terrorist leaders met. He had the blessing of Mathenge, who was eager to surrender.

But the talks came to nothing when Kimathi heard some of Mathenge's men. Wachanga then had a row with Mathenge over his youngest sister and was reduced to a 10-man command.

Nyanga, who once commanded 250 men and was Kimathi's bright guerrilla boy, promptly offered to lead the security forces to Kimathi's hide-out. A special task force set out but found nothing in the jungle dictator's lair except dirty clothing.

Kimathi and Mathenge—both based within a day's jungle march from each other—are left without their favourite second-in-command.

Their starving gangs are reduced to boiling young bamboo shoots for food. Both men are wary and suspicious of each other. They quarrel over their women.

WHY WOMEN OVEREAT Many women overeat for a most logical reason, writes Mr. J.B. Oldham, honorary surgeon to the Queen, in the journal of the British Dietetic Association.

"The simple fact is that they find solace in scones, chocolates and cream cakes for the same reasons that drive their husbands to seek relief in the bottle," he writes.

He asserts that poor people who overeat are likely to get fatter than rich people who overeat.

The reason is that the poor person has more carbohydrate in his food.

It has also been suggested, says Mr. Oldham, that children of poor families with bad manners get the overeating habit for the rest of their lives through having to grab for food when young.

In nearly all cases of excessive fattiness the reason is simple—overeating, he states.

SERMON SNORERS The congregation at Chesham Bois (Bucks) parish church can now listen to the Sunday evening sermon without embarrassment. For The Snorer has been found.

The Parish Magazine reports: Members of the congregation who sit in the back half of the church have come under a cloud; for every Sunday evening a rhythmic stertorous sound as of someone sleeping has been heard regularly during the sermon.

This has caused everybody to regard everybody else with suspicion.

But the culprit—or rather the culprits, for they are a complete family—have been found, and will be dealt with.

The wire netting to the trefoil-headed air-vent under the west gable of the church has been taken away and a small community of Jackdaws has taken up residence between the roof and the wooden ceiling of the nave.

Lulled by the sound of the bells every Sunday, they regularly settle down here and by sermon time are sleeping contentedly but noisily.

APPLE TEST To test the theory that "an apple a day keeps the dentist away," the Liverpool School of Dentistry is carrying out a two to three years' experiment on local school children.

Some will be given an apple after meals and others will not. Then the children will be examined to see if the apple has any beneficial effect on their teeth.

A National Farmers' Union spokesman says that decent apple growers from Kent and the other fruit-growing counties have contributed over £600, sufficient to ensure that the experiment can be carried out for the first year.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Home At Last

BY HARRY WEINERT

THE STORY OF THE TRIP —
INCH BY INCH.

"—AND I'VE HEARD ALL I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT TRAVEL BEING BROADENING!"



IT'S A MISTAKE FOR A GIRL TO TELL HER HOMETOWN BOYFRIEND ABOUT THOSE CHARMING EUROPEAN MEN—ESPECIALLY WHEN SUPPLEMENTED BY AN ALBUM OF PICTURES.

"HE WAS OUR GUIDE IN SWITZERLAND AND HE WAS JUST THE CUTEST..."

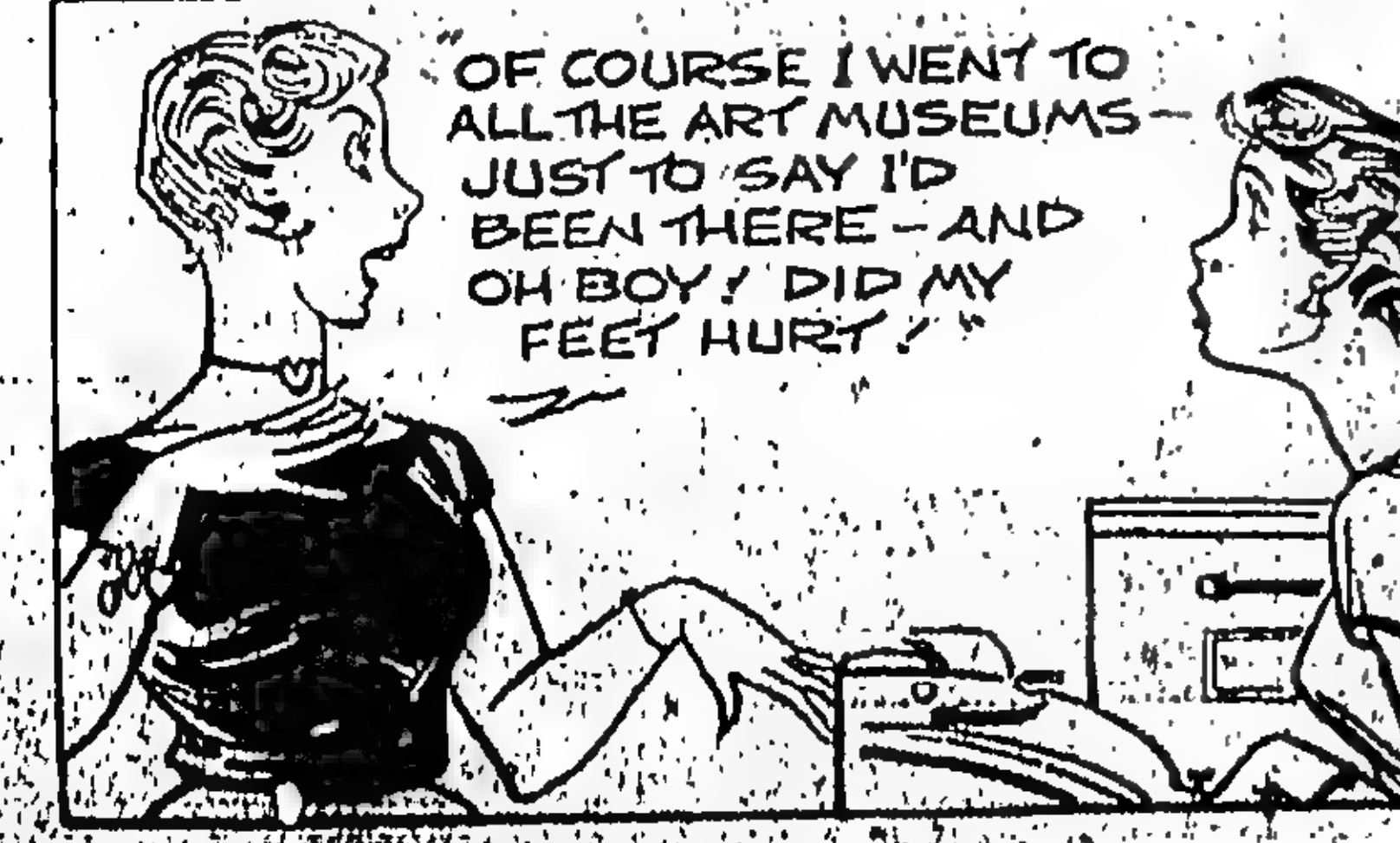


"—AND I WAS AS CLOSE TO HIM AS I AM TO YOU!"

TO HEAR SOME OF THEM TELL IT, THEY SPENT THEIR ENTIRE VACATION SURROUNDED BY CELEBRITIES.



THE DOORS AND WINDOWS SHOULD BE OPEN WHEN THE YOUNG NATURALIST UNPACKS—STARFISH DON'T LAST FOREVER—Y'KNOW.



OF COURSE I WENT TO ALL THE ART MUSEUMS—JUST TO SAY I'D BEEN THERE—AND OH BOY! DID MY FEET HURT!"



"—NOW TELL ME—WHAT DID I MISS?"

IT'S A JOY TO BE HOME AND CATCH UP ON ALL THE LOCAL GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.



DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU SICK WHEN YOU ARE ALL SET TO TELL ABOUT YOUR TRIP AND SOME BORE HAS TO BEGIN AND TELL ALL ABOUT HIS?

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Hit Tune Poll Offers Cash Prizes

UNITED NATIONS DAY FEATURE ON MONDAY

Name the three top-tunes of the week, in their correct order, and win \$30! That is the offer to be made to popular music fans each week by "Jean" in her new programme "Popularity Poll".

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the titles of the three tunes you think will have proved most popular with listeners during the week and mail your entry to reach Radio Hong-kong not later than Wednesday of each week.

Then on Friday evenings at 6.30, starting next Friday, October 28, "Jean" will take the air to broadcast the top ten tunes of the week, and pollsters will know whether or not they have been successful in naming the first three—in their correct order of course.

If more than one person sends in the right answer, the prize money will be divided; but if no one is successful the money will snowball to swell the prize for the following week.

All entries should be addressed to "Popularity Poll", Radio Hongkong, P.O. Box 200, and "Jean" would prefer them to be on post cards rather than in letters so as to make the task of counting and checking easier.

UNITED NATIONS DAY

United Nations Day this year marks the 10th anniversary of this great international organization and to celebrate the occasion Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting "The Charter in the Sauer" on Monday evening at 9 p.m.

The story, a fantasy by the famous American radio writer Norman Corwin, deals with the adventures of a Martian whose flying saucer lands in the sea near a United Nations weather ship.

While circling above the earth, the Martian has heard so much English on the radio that he has managed to learn the language.

He was particularly interested in a reading he heard of the Preamble to the United Nations Charter, setting out the presumptive rights of man.

Starring Laurence Olivier, "The Charter in the Sauer" was produced in London for the United Nations radio by Laurence Gilliam. It has a specially composed musical score written and conducted by Walter Goehr.

"THIS WEEK"

Interesting personalities in town this week include Lady Rama Rau, who is Chairman of the International Planned Parenthood Federation and President of the Family Planning Association of India.

She was interviewed at the airport by Aileen Dekker. There also arrived a musician with a businessman's task in the shape of Mr. David Bowen, and we persuaded him to say a little about his music, his job, and also to sing us a song.

With plans for the Air Display completed, the producer of "This Week" invited some of the pilots taking part to come in and talk about their job; and finally, the owner of one of the finest newspapers in the world, "The Scotsman", is interviewed by David Lytle. "This Week" will be on the air at 7.30 this evening.

"ASIA ON THE AIR"

On Tuesday evening, the Far Eastern Service of BBC is broadcasting the first of a new series of monthly programmes, "Asia on the Air". The programme will take the form of a symposium of outstanding items recently broadcast by the leading radio stations of South and South-East Asia and the Far East.

In this way it is hoped that Asian listeners will be given a deeper insight into the cultural wealth and diversity of their continent, their common problems, and the methods by which these are being tackled.

Hongkong's contribution to the programme is Tony Aroval's composition, "Hongkong Summerland", which was written for the World Festival of Jazz. "Asia on the Air" can be heard at half past ten on Tuesday evening.

RECITAL

Two pianists who need no introduction in local musical circles—George Parks and Isolda

sung by the cast of the Broadway production. Orch. cond. by Ray Charles.

10.00 P.M. PARTNERS. WEATHER REPORT. TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWS. (LONDON RELAY).

11.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. CLOSURE DOWN.

11.30 MORNING MELODY. RELAY OF THE SERVICE FROM THE UNITED CHURCH, KENNEDY ROAD.

12.00 MORNING FROM OVERVIEW. "Le Carnaval Romain". Op. 9 (Berlioz). Ernest Des Paléti.

12.30 P.M. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. ACADEMY AWARD SONG.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL. JAN AUGUST (PIANO) WITH CORDON. Wunderlich: Bewitched.

1.30 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.50 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Chopin).

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. JOURNEY INTO SPACE. Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

2.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. 2.50 NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.

3.30 OLD TIME BALLROOM. With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.

3.50 THE BOB CATS BALL—BOB CROSBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

4.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.

4.30 THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By George Eliot. Produced by Wilfrid Grantham.

5.00 STUDIO: TIME REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.

5.30 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.00 SPORTS RELAY—ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. South China vs. the Police.

6.30 PAUL WESTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

7.00 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE". Presented by Nick Kendall.

7.30 "THIS WEEK". News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong.

7.50 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.30 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.50 TRIO IN RHYTHM. We Christy (piano) Barry Yauzetta (bass) Angel Osa (drums).

9.00 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

9.30 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Big Young.

9.50 "FINIAN'S RAINBOW" (DURTON LANE). Excerpts from the musical play

Sunday

10.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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5.30 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.00 SPORTS RELAY—ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. South China vs. the Police.

6.30 PAUL WESTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

7.00 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE". Presented by Nick Kendall.

7.30 "THIS WEEK". News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong.

7.50 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.30 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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11.00 MORNING FROM OVERVIEW. "Le Carnaval Romain". Op. 9 (Berlioz). Ernest Des Paléti.

11.30 P.M. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. ACADEMY AWARD SONG.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL. JAN AUGUST (PIANO) WITH CORDON. Wunderlich: Bewitched.

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1.50 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Chopin).

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

FIRST CLASS TEAMS HAVE COME, BUT HAVE FAILED TO HUMBLE THE CHINESE STARS

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Last Saturday night Radio Hongkong's triumvirate of Sports Cavaliers gave up almost a third of their valuable air time to a discussion of my article on the influence of people beyond the touchlines on the performance of players.

As it is generally conceded that it is a writer's job to stimulate healthy discussion I should feel satisfied and smug that I encouraged this group into talking mood but there were so many obvious inaccuracies in Ted Thomas' arguments that I would be falling down in my task if I failed to point them out.

There were three main points on which I would like to comment although I do not intend to deal with them in quite the same order as he did.

During his remarks on the relative merits of the Hongkong Chinese footballers Ted Thomas gave it as his avowed opinion that any first class team coming out from England would beat the Chinese. Such a statement reveals an ominous indifference to fact. Dare I mention PEGABUS?

Memories can sometimes be short... or is it being suggested that Pegabus, twice winners of the Amateur Cup, and sporting a bright bevy of contemporary English internationalists, were not a first class side by any standards... amateur or professional?

To sustain such an argument would be anything but complimentary to the British Olympic Games representatives or to those professional clubs who are yearly knocked out of the FA Cup by the top class amateur sides.

Or may I again draw attention to the visits to the Colony of teams like Koffe, A.K. Admin and the fabulous Grasshoppers. The Swiss side, who beat four English League sides last season, including the Arsenal by 5-4 at Highbury, had to play desperately to escape through by a solitary goal when they came to Hongkong.

A.K. were leading the Swedish League when they came here but they fell far short of being masters of the Colony team.

Koffe became the Danish Champions in the season they visited Hongkong but the record books tell a significant and dismal tale of their failure here. And so I could go on.

Surely Grasshopper, Admin (who had a most successful tour in Britain last season), Koffe, A.K., and Pegabus, are worthy of a first class tag even by Ted Thomas' apparently exacting standards.

The second point made by the same person in his broadcast was that star ball players are in fact fully appreciated and encouraged in Britain and he quoted Stanley Matthews and others like Tom Finney, as examples of stars who are allowed to play the game their own way. How short can memories be?

TWO GREAT INFLUENCES

In my article last week the gentleman who was giving his opinion made it clear that there were two great influences on the spread of the 'kick' of it decline... team officials and spectators.

Stanley Matthews has now been a long time in the game but can I ask how many occasions England has turned out a team without him while he was at the peak of his career fit and available. Can I remind you too of the great press campaign for Matthews OR Finney, but not both... or the public and press attitude that there was no room in the same team for these two great players who slaved up the game by "playing" with this ball.

Len Shackleton is, of course, the perfect example of what we meant last week. At the start of this season in spite of being

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Programmes and Entry Forms for the 1st Race Meeting 1955/56 to be held on Saturday 5th and Monday 7th November, 1955, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 25th October, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

acknowledged the ball juggler supreme, he was left out of the Sunderland team and is now content to perform his magic as a stop-gap left winger. His former positions as an inside forward are filled by two Scotsmen, Chisholm and Fleming, who possess but a fraction of his skill, but who do bang the ball about.

There are a dozen similar examples. Hannah of Newcastle who is now out of the team after being warned that he had to cut out the very frills that have made him one of the most attractive players in the game. There is, too, Tommy Harmer, and Bennett who joined Birmingham from Spurs because the crowd shouted him out of White Hart Lane. Froggart of Wednesday is another one who paid—and is still paying—the penalty of being involved in a two-ball-play-in-the-same-attack struggle with Jackie Sewell.

Behind all these instances there is clear evidence of the mind and speed and power as opposed to skill and perfection.

NOT ALL OF THEM

All footballers are footballers; only in the same way that all motor cars are motor cars. They are not all in the Rules. Royce class. One does not judge the performance of every car by that of the Royce, neither does one generalise on football using Stanley Matthews as a yard stick.

Greatness is an abstract goal for which all may strive but it is the run-of-the-mill achievement and the ordinary hard-working player who sets the everyday standard.

Judging by several interesting conversations I have had since last Saturday there is adequate support for my visitor's comments that the 'Go' Kid of the decline is in fact one of the great evils of present day British football... and it is just as certain that the boundless enthusiasm and wholehearted approval of the Chinese crowds is probably the greatest single factor in the encouragement and development of brilliant ball players like Yiu Cheuk-yin, Ho Cheung-yau, Mok Chun-wah and Szeto Man.

The final point I wish to make concerns Ted Thomas' disparaging comment that it is easy to build reputations for young players particularly servicemen, who come to the Colony. 'Anyone who gets a single game for one of the professional club's junior sides is immediately stated to be on their books'... was the gist of one remark he made.

Such a statement is, as far as I know, without foundation and its implication is grossly unfair to these genuine professional players currently playing in the Colony.

Here for example is a series of extracts from the official registration lists of the FA in respect of several Army players at present in the team:

Egerton, Gordon (Bolton Wanderers) Wing Half, Ht. 5'9, Wt. 10 st. 11 lbs. Signed from local football in 1953.

Hall, Peter (Bradford Park Avenue) Left Half, Ht. 5'11" Wt. 12 st. Signed from Normanton 1951.

Mullett, Joseph (Birmingham City) Wing Half, Ht. 5'11" Wt. 11 st. 4 lbs. Signed from Maltmill Utd. in 1955.

White, William (Burnley) Inside Forward, Ht. 5'7" Wt. 10 st. 10 lbs. Signed from Liverpool in 1954, and there are similar records for others like Charlesworth and McLaughlin.

To imply that there is anything spurious or imaginary about these reputations is to infer that the records of the Football Association have been tampered with or are inaccurate... or, what is more important from a local point of view, is the suggestion that club officials have for obvious reasons do liberally invented phony reputations for their players.

Only the Services are really involved in the implications and while I have taken the Army as an example I am certain that

there is a sufficient sense of integrity in all three Services to discount completely such a suggestion.

By all means let us have healthy discussion on all points concerning the game of football, but let the discussion be based on fact, and let it be presented in a sense of fairness to players, club officials and soccer generally.

WEEK'S GAMES

There is once again a full programme of League games for the coming week and there is also, of course, the added interest of a visit from the RAF Far East representative side headed by old friend and five-star goalkeeper Dave MacLaren.

The League programme is as follows:

Today: South China v. Police at Caroline Hill; Club v. Kitchener at Club Stadium; Navy v. Kwong Wah at Causeway Bay.

Tomorrow: Eastern v. St. Joseph's at Caroline Hill; Sing Tao v. CAA at Club Stadium; RAF v. Army at Causeway Bay.

All week-end games start at 5 o'clock.

Tuesday: Kitchener v. Navy at Caroline Hill; Kwong Wah v. RAF at Club Stadium.

Wednesday: Army v. Eastern at Club Stadium; CAA v. Club at Caroline Hill.

Thursday: KMB v. South China at Caroline Hill; Police v. Sing Tao at Boundary Street.

All mid-week games start at 5.25 p.m.

The two big games of the week are KMB v. South China and Army v. Eastern on Wednesday.

There will also be good support for the Eastern-S. Joseph's game tomorrow afternoon, although the counter attraction of Sing Tao and CAA will no doubt split the crowd.

Inter-Service interest will centre on the RAF-Army game at Causeway Bay tomorrow and these old friendly rivals can be relied upon to put up a spirited exhibition.

It would be advantageous to advance the kick-off times of the mid-week games as some of the matches this week have finished in something more than semi-darkness and in the closing stages players have had the greatest difficulty in following the flight of the ball.

THIS WEEK'S TALKING POINT... How many senior clubs could satisfy the legitimate demand of a referee for a white ball for use during the second half of mid-week games that finish in semi-darkness...

SPORTS QUIZ

- Which of the following world boxing titles did Henry Armstrong hold (a) Featherweight, (b) Lightweight, (c) Welterweight?
- How many countries belong to the FIFA (a) 40 (b) 66 (c) 80?
- A cricketer takes off his cap and fields the ball with it. Is this allowed?
- Where is the Wall Game played?
- Fill in the missing name: Gus Lesnevich, Freddie Mills, Archie More.
- In which sports do the following compete (a) John Surtees, (b) Alan Oliver, (c) Max Faulkner, (d) Wrao Johnston?
- Which is the larger, the American or British golf ball?
- What is the maximum length of an Association Football pitch?
- Who won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title in 1952?
- Which sporting captain drives himself into office?

(Answers See Page 17)

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wpotton



TODAY'S RUGGER

Navy v. Gunners Should Be One Of This Afternoon's Best Games

Says "PAK LO"

Once again there is a varied selection of games being played this afternoon and for a change they will all take place on the Kowloon side of the harbour.

On the Police ground in Boundary Street the Navy meet the Gunners at 3.15 p.m., and following them on the same ground RAF Mainland will play Police at 4.30 p.m.

Also at 3.15 p.m., but this time at Kai Tak, RAF Island and 27 Brigade clash, whilst at 4.30 p.m. in the ensuing game the H.K. and Kowloon Garrison meet Club "B". And last, but by no means least, the Club "A" and 48 Brigade will oppose one another at 5.00 p.m. on the Army ground in Boundary Street.

One of the best games should be the first mentioned, i.e. the meeting of the Navy with the Gunners. The Gunners have made two changes in their team.

Guarner, recovered from his injury, returns to the centre three position, and alongside him in the other centre three position appears a newcomer, Wyss. This should certainly stiffen up the three line and make them more of a danger than they already are.

The Navy have also made a couple of changes. Sharpe takes over the full back spot, Mahai not being available, and Holt moves in as the left wing three-quarter. The Navy as a result has a strong three line, but the Gunners will probably be the more successful in attack for they combine well.

The struggle forward should be fairly even but Barker is, I think, the better hooker of the two. With a plentiful service from the base of the scrum, the Gunners should win, but only by a small margin.

NEXT IN INTEREST

Next in interest I should place the meeting of RAF Mainland and the Police. As they did during the week the Police will again play Lloyd at scrum half, and Lellott is dropping back, not to full back as Jonathan, the usual Police full back, has a hand injury received on Wednesday.

A newcomer appears on the wing named O'Leary. If he is the fighting Irishman his name implies he will be a help to the Police. The Mainland fifteen has made only one change, and that is so well the other right wing named 27 Lt. Bly gains his place, and should do well.

The main danger to the Police should be Lewis on the left wing and Cornan at fly half. Both are very fast and fully capable of scoring off their own bats.

Though on the whole it looks an almost certain win for the Mainland side the Police are almost capable of pulling off a surprise in this match.

The RAF Island versus 27 Brigade should also be a very close game, for though the RAF Island went down last week for a good while with fourteen men, and it was in that period that the Club did most of its scoring.

For this game I prefer the Island XV for their pack is faster and better than 27 Brigade, but the reverse is true behind the scrum. Faust has dropped out of the Island team due to an ulcer, and his place at lock has been taken by Phillips, while 27 Brigade rely on their highly successful team from last week intact. The Island three, while not as good as their opponents, are not to be sneezed at, and as they should get the greater share of the ball I select them to win.

EASY FOR CLUB? The 48 Brigade XV v. Club "A" should be a fairly easy win for the Club team who retain their team intact, with one switch in position. Cole moves up to scrum half, while Roberts drops back to full back. This should bring an improvement in the service to the three, and Roberts is capable of taking care of any attacks that develop.

The Club "A" has settled down fairly well, while 48 Brigade, though they won last week, did not greatly impress and should find themselves in difficulties against the swift Club three line.

Finally the Club "B" game versus the H.K. & K. Garrison. This also should be a fairly even game, but the Club three are not the equal of their opponents and the result will depend on the forwards. Here the Club have the advantage in the set scrums, but their lineout work requires a lot of improvement before they can be satisfied.

Dyer and Claire will be the halves this week, and should be an improvement. Wilson drops back to the left wing position with Inglis and Purves inside him. Given the chance to settle this could be a fairly good line, but the Club forwards will have to give them a lot of cover. The Garrison side have Parkinson at scrum half and he alone should be the greatest danger of all, and he has a first three-quarter line behind him.

This looks like being another defeat for the Club "B" team, but probably by a much smaller margin than last week and there is just a chance they could pull through and win.

THE TEAMS

Navy: Sharpe, Foster, Lloyd, Holt, Davis, Wilson, Sherwood, Smith, Davis, Galt, James, Dyer, Turner, Voyce, Pugh, Gunner, Rowe, Anderson, Gerrard, Wyss, Harrison, Jackman, Glen, Chandler, Barker, Collett, Kelly, Robinson, Buckley, Gatehouse, Cunningham.

RAF Mainland: Logan, Hobson, Jackson, Fraser, Lewis, Cronah, Lucas, McDonnell, Walker, Davies, Lamb, Panther, Page, Thomas, Tilton, Police: Lellott, O'Leary, Brown, Marsh, Nash, Walker, Lloyd, Brown, Cunningham, Purves, Greene, Dawson, Ryan, Ross, Shelly, Hodgson, Lewis, Cody, Fleming, McCarty, Fairhurst, Worthy, Edwards, Galt.

LEARN YOUR CRICKET

Driving Practice

THE OFF-DRIVE

The most important thing in OFF-DRIVING is to get your head, left shoulder and hip over on to the line of the ball; if they are right, the left foot will look after itself.

The wider the ball, the more should the back of the left shoulder be turned on the bowler and the wider the off-side should the stroke be aimed. The bat will, in fact start its downward swing from the line of the leg. Keep the full face of the bat moving through the line of the stroke as long as possible.

The ability to ON-DRIVE is rare with boys, but if they can

cut on to the line of the ball, the left foot will land just outside that line.

The straighter the ball, the straighter must the stroke be aimed and the longer will the full face of the bat be moving down the line. The batsman must strongly resist the tendency to "pull" his on-drives by allowing the right hand and right shoulder to play too big a part; he must not allow his left hip to fall away.



FINISH OF THE DRIVE: Head steady... follow through in direction ball has gone.

acquire it they will greatly increase their scoring power. The first movement is a slight dipping of the left shoulder; this will allow the left foot and the line of balance, with the head leading, to come

For PRACTISING, the bowler stands on a chair about 2 1/2 ft. in front of, and on the off-side, of the batsman so that the ball dropped from his outstretched hand will fall just in front of the batsman's left foot at the end of a forward stride. The batsman drives the ball on the half volley of its second bounce.

By altering the position of his stance, further away from or nearer to the chair, the batsman can in the same way practise both the off-drive and the on-drive.

For practising the quick-footed drive, the "bowler's" chair should be some four to five feet in front of the batsman.

The driving practice with solid rubber or tennis balls can provide excellent fielding practice for other boys, but they should not be nearer than about 25-30 yards from the bat.

[Taken from "Cricket - How to Play," produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd.]

What Our Youngsters Need—Real Pitches And Real Coaching

Says DON REVIE

We are often told that the youth of England is pampered. But as far as our football youngsters are concerned, I say emphatically we are not doing enough for them. Not nearly enough.

Don't misunderstand me. We have many fine youth clubs; some grand junior teams with good facilities, and our Football League sides do all they can to help. But the cry still goes up: "Not enough grounds and equipment to go round. And we see many fine boy-players trying to learn the game without proper tuition on waste land or a badly laid out pitch."

This truth was brought home to me when I saw the KB Stadium in Copenhagen. Many a British boy's eyes would have stared in amazement and envy. Imagine a vast park with at least 12 pitches beautifully laid out; turf as smooth as a billiard table; goal nets; fine dressing rooms with showers. It made me remember my youth, when I kicked a ball around on a waste stretch of land in Middleborough. Yet this KB Stadium isn't exclusive. It is for anyone who wants to play football.

ALWAYS THERE

What took my eye most was the sight of 25 footballs arranged neatly outside the dressing rooms. I was told: "They are always there. Any one who wants a game can have a ball out at any time." Imagine that happening in Britain! The Dances leave those footballs quite safely, and none of them ever disappears.

I wish we had something like the KB Stadium in this country. Many of our professional footballers wouldn't mind, in off duty hours, going along to have a game and coach the youngsters.

What a thrill it would be in Newcastle, for instance, to have Jackie Milburn or Bobby Mitchell giving a few tips to the local lads as they kick a ball around—or Roy Bentley and Tom Lawton passing on a few hints to the lads in London.

We do, of course, get isolated cases of this happening. For instance, in Sheffield, Joe Mercer has invited the leaders of about 50 local teams to come to Bramall Lane to get up-to-date FA coaching from himself and George Smith, who was until recently the senior F.A. coach. In some other areas similar schemes operate.

But the gulf between school-boy football and the first-class game is always a difficult one to cross, and it can't be done properly unless training of youngsters is done on an organised scale. They do it in Copenhagen. They do it in other Continental countries. But not in England.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Of course when boy-players have bridged the gulf and entered the professional game they get plenty of encouragement. Last Saturday we saw several teenagers coming into League football for the first time. They made me wonder whether the crowds ever appreciate what this means to the young players themselves, and what it means to the Manager.

I take my hat off to Matt Busby, the Manchester United manager, for the successful way he grows his young stars. Last Saturday he brought in 17-year-old Wilf McGuinness—to play against the Wolves of all teams. Yet young Wilf, like so many of the Busby youngsters, came through the test with flying colours.

Matt has a wonderful way with him. I understand he has a little chat with his boys before the match and puts them at ease—though deep down I'll bet he is more worried than anybody else.

Put yourself in the place of a Manager like Busby. You find a boy. He is a good footballer. You take him on the staff and coach him. In time he makes the grade, and you think he'll be a complete player. So one day you put him in the first team, maybe through an injury or something.

It's a tense moment; an injury perhaps, an attack of nerves, behaviour of the crowd, one false move and all these years of coaching can be lost overnight. That's why most managers like to try their youngsters out first of all before home crowds.

I know how I felt when I played for the first time with Leicester City at the age of 17. We played against Wolves that day... and fortunately I had Sid Smith alongside. He "fathered" me that day and helped me to forget my nerves and the shouts of the crowd.

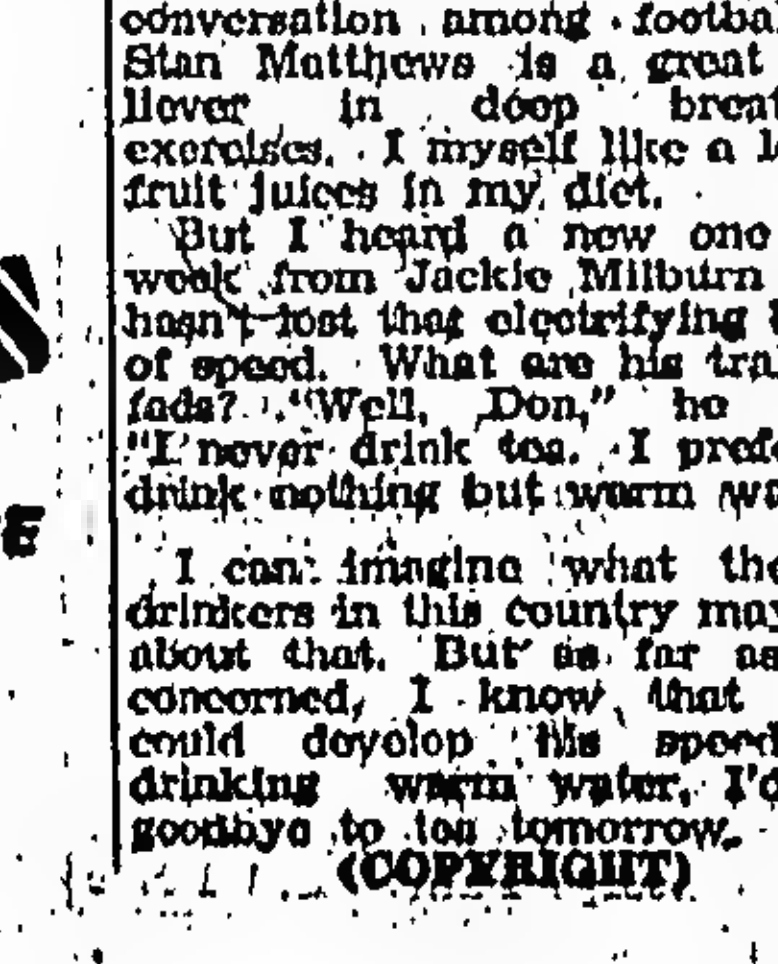
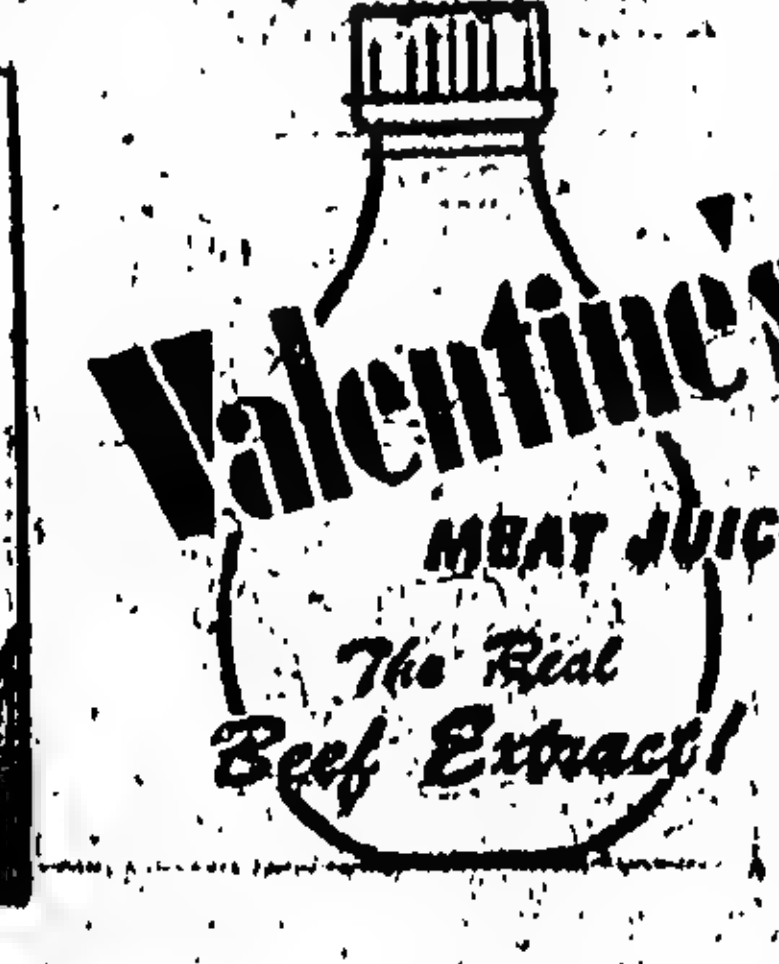
WARM WATER ONLY?

Take it from me—it isn't easy for a youngster in his first match not to be easy for his manager. The game owes a lot to chaps like Matt Busby, Stan Cullis, Jimmy Seed and Tom Whitaker who groom those youngsters for their League baptism.

The question of how to keep fit is an ever present topic of conversation among footballers. Stan Matthews is a great believer in doing breathing exercises. I myself like a lot of fruit juices in my diet.

But I heard a new one this week from Jackie Milburn who hasn't lost his electrifying burst of speed. What are his training food? "Well," Don," he said, "I never drink tea. I prefer to drink nothing but warm water."

I can imagine what the tea drinkers in this country may say about that. But as far as I'm concerned, I know that if I could develop this speed by drinking warm water, I'd say goodbye to tea tomorrow. (Copyright)



By "TIME OUT"

By "RECORDER"

The ladies' events will be without Julia Tingay, on the injured list though entered originally for three events, and it is predicted that Ng Sit-kwa may challenge Ho May-ye and Lam Kake-lan in the sprint while Fung May-may is said to be capable of 4 feet 6 inches in the High Jump.

Roated at the initial sack will be lanky Joey Reis while slugger Hank Killeen and Reggie Santos cover second and third base respectively with fleet ball-

Their galaxy of stars includes such names as L. C. Poon, K. T. Leung, Seldon Ma and 'Rabbit' Leung who are top performers in the Chinese circuit.

Optimists are at home to the Police at Chater Road and Scorpions have a bye.

Government has promised \$250,000; the City Council \$150,000 and the remaining \$300,000 being collected from the public.

By "TOUCHWOOD"

Peng-soon who officially retired from competitive badminton on July 15 turned professional early this month. Wong signed a three-year contract between himself and the Singapore film magnate and millionaire, Mr Loke Wan-tho, the Odeon Theatre's Hollywood Room.

Optimists are at home to the Police at Chater Road and Scorpions have a bye.

TODAY



OF HONG KONG SCENERY

OBTAIABLE AT

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST

HONG KONG AND KOWLOON

TOKYO

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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. All of them.
2. 86.
3. No, a penalty of five runs is conceded.
4. Elton.
5. Joey Maxim. (b) Show
6. Mazor-cycling (c) Golf (d)
7. The American.
8. 130 yds.
9. Frank Sedgman.
10. That of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club; St Andrews.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

AND WHEN I SHAKE MY HEAD LIKE THIS IT MEANS I'M NOT COMING



G. H. FISHER

LATER... IT WAS OUR RADIO, DEAR - YOU DIDN'T SWITCH IT OFF.

WIT

GOLDEN CHURN

CHURN
GOLDEN CHURN
THE GOLDEN CHURN
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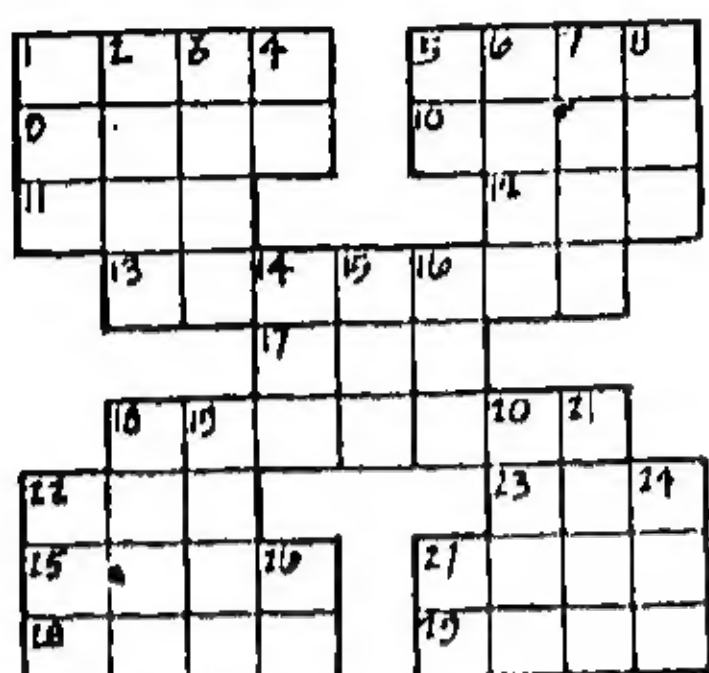
FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a few vehicles in his crossword this time:



ACROSS

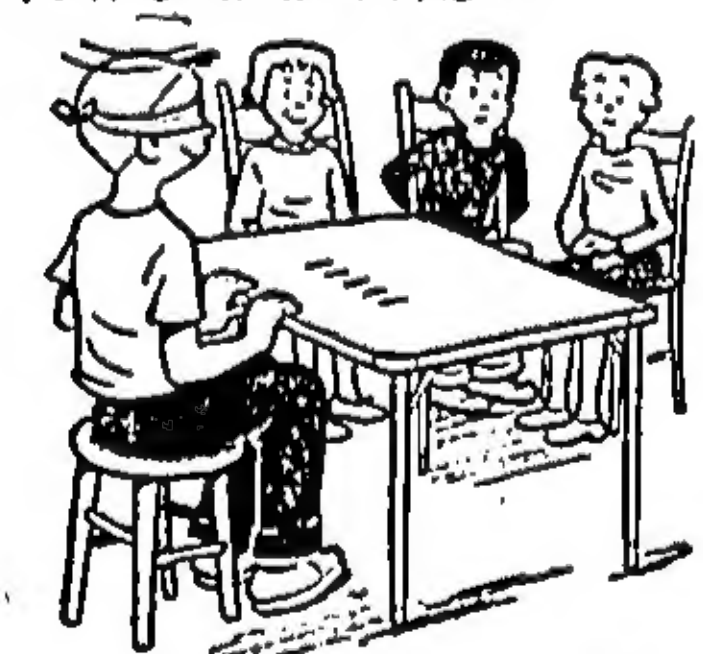
- 1 Popular vehicle
- 3 Carrying vehicle
- 9 Nested boxes
- 10 Hodgepodge
- 11 Expire
- 12 City in The Netherlands
- 13 Bridge holdings
- 17 Bustle
- 18 Makes amends
- 22 Torrid
- 23 Fish eggs
- 25 Girl's name
- 27 Merit
- 28 Peruse
- 29 Danish counties

DOWN

- 1 Assist
- 2 Distinct part
- 3 Large plant
- 4 Hawaiian bird
- 5 Company (ab.)
- 6 On the sheltered side
- 7 Discouragements
- 8 Pedal digit
- 14 Snooze
- 15 Fruit drink
- 16 Against
- 18 Was borne
- 19 Hoating device
- 20 British streetcar
- 21 Kind
- 22 Pronoun
- 24 Abstract being
- 26 Paid newspaper notice
- 27 Each (ab.)

HOW AMAZE TO YOUR FRIENDS

1. PUT 5 TOOTHPICKS ON A TABLE IN A ROW.



2. SEAT A PAL AT THE TABLE FACING TOOTHPICKS AND YOUR FRIENDS... BLINDFOLD YOUR PAL AND PRETEND TO HYPONOTIZE HIM!

3. NOW SAY TO YOUR AUDIENCE THAT IF THEY WILL WHISPER A NUMBER TO YOU FROM 1 TO 5, YOUR PAL WILL CATCH THE THOUGHT WAVE AND BE ABLE TO PICK UP THE RIGHT NUMBER OF TOOTHPICKS!



HERE'S HOW: BEFORE YOU START, ARRANGE YOUR SIGNALS WITH YOUR PAL. LIKE THIS: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

DIAMOND

The Puzzlemaster uses a DIAMOND as a centre for his word. The second word is an abbreviation for "transposed", third, "a group of Boy Scouts", fifth, "per-acting to the sun", and sixth, "through." Can you complete the diamond?

T
R
O
L
L
E
Y

SCRAMBLED VEHICLES

Rearrange the letters in each row to find the three vehicles hidden in these strange lines by the puzzle master.

DEVELOP ICE

JAR HIS KIN

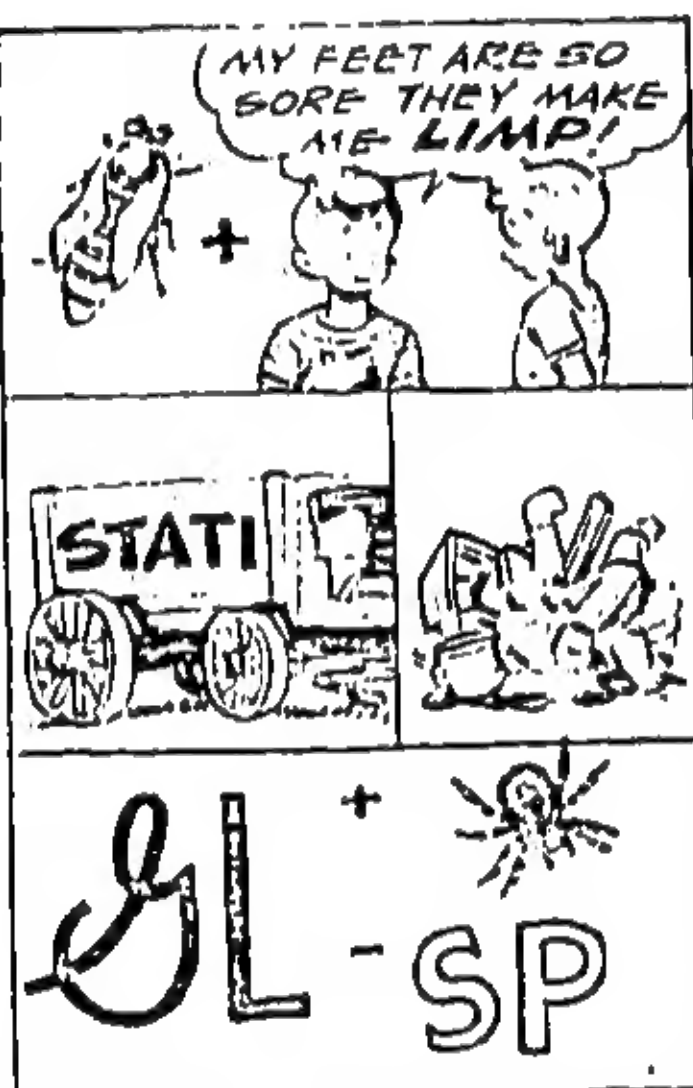
LEGAL NO

HIDDEN VEHICLES

Each of these sentences contains a vehicle for you to find: Carl and August reached the swimming hole first. Such a riot of colour. Sam, pan that gold!

CONVEYANCE REBUS

Use the words and pictures correctly and you'll have little trouble finding the four conveyances concealed in this rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)

How Silk Hats Brought Fame To This Trapper

By RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

KIT CARSON was a great hunter and frontier scout, but his fame in these lines might never have been known had it not been for a pompous silk hat. At that time, Kit thought silk hats were the worst bits of apparel ever added to man's attire.

Kit, still under 30 years old, had been in the west 12 years when he organized "Carson's Men," a closely knit group of half a dozen trappers who worked in the mountains and plains of New Mexico and Colorado.

They trapped all kinds of game, but mainly they were interested in beaver skins, which brought the best prices and were actually used in place of money in the west in those days.

A single beaver skin was known as a "pelt," from the French Canadian word "pelle," meaning hair.

A good beaver skin could purchase goods and supplies worth from \$6 to \$8, and Kit Carson could bring in as many as 50 or 60 beaver skins in a few days. One group of 18 trappers brought in \$2,400 worth of skins in a period of six weeks.

Then one day in 1838, Kit and his men brought a big bundle of skins into the trading post at Taos, N. M. The trader shook his head and offered Kit \$1 per "pelt."

"Robber!" said Kit, with understandable anger. The trader quickly explained: "I can't pay you any more. There's no demand for beaver skins."

And the reason was the invention of the high silk hat.

Before that time men wore hats made of beaver skin. In those days and for many years

afterwards—even today—men's hats were called "beavers." But it was found that a silk hat was prettier and much better for formal wear. So no one bought beaver skin hats, least of all paid fancy prices for them.

Kit and his men decided they couldn't risk their scalps among savage Indians trapping beavers at only \$1 per pelt. So they started off to Westport, now Kansas City, Mo., to get jobs driving wagons on the Santa Fe Trail.

But another trader, Charley Bent, later a governor of New Mexico, halted them. "There

are other things to hunt besides beaver," he said.

He pointed out that the government was settling up small forts and garrisons all along the Santa Fe Trail and there were many wagon trains on the route. Hunting for provisions took time and Kit Carson and his men could probably make a fair living shooting buffalo and antelope.

In a short time Kit Carson had 40 "Carson's Men" working out of Fort Bent, an adobe-walled outpost on the upper Arkansas River. It was near the present Fort Lyon, Colo., where Kit Carson is buried.

Kit's fame as a hunter spread so that he soon was hired by a young Army officer as a scout. This officer, Captain (later General) John C. Fremont, opened the trail to California. Kit accompanied Fremont on three expeditions as a scout, guide and Indian interpreter. He distinguished himself so that he became famous.

But the cause of it all was the invention of the silk hat.

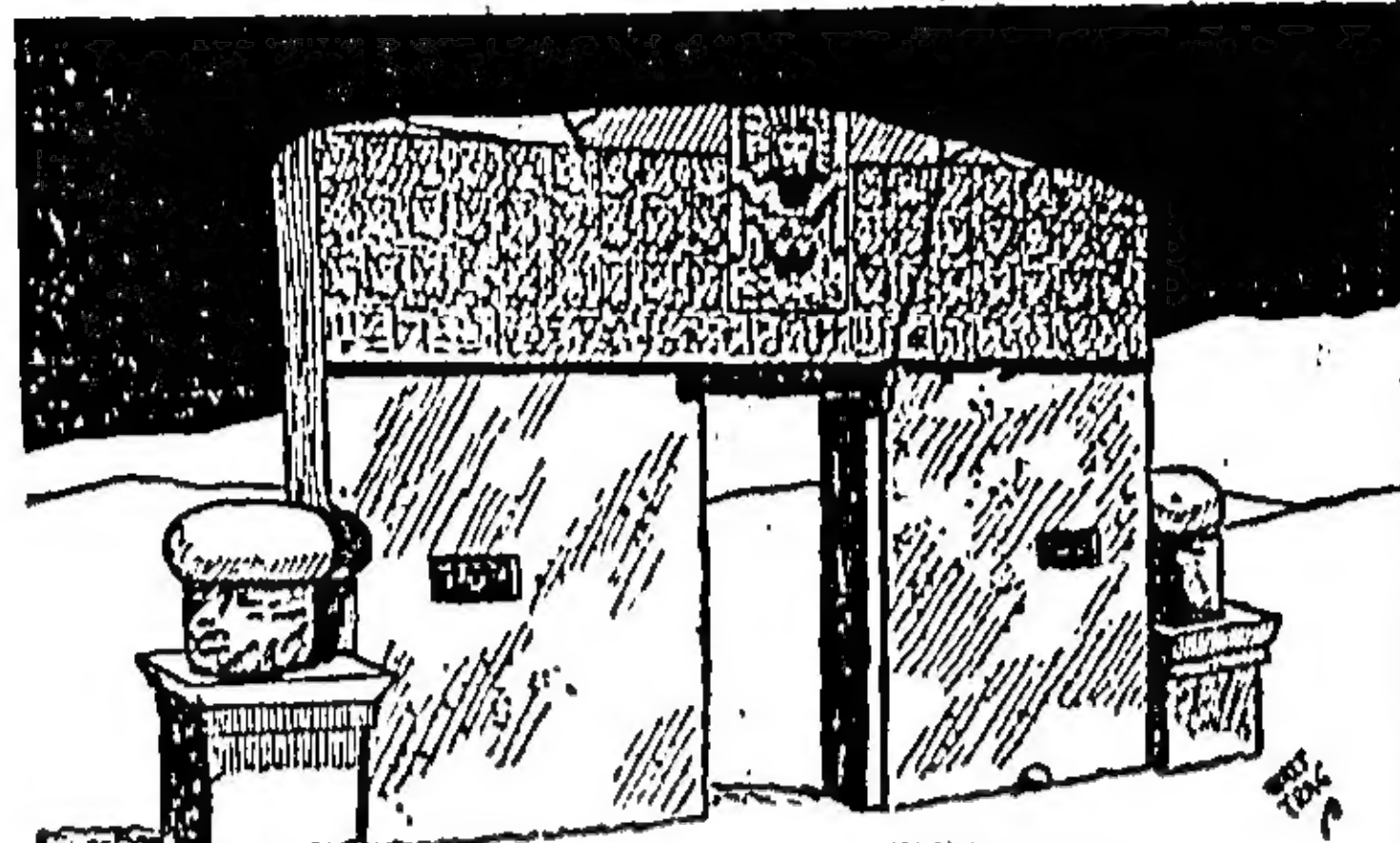


Archaeologist Unravels The Mystery Of Inca Gateway Designs

IT stands at Tiahuanaco near the southern end of Lake Titicaca, in the highlands of Bolivia—a gateway consisting of two uprights and a carved crosspiece weighing an estimated 12 tons.

Over this area the great Inca empire once held sway, but the door is a remnant of a civilisation long vanished when the first Inca set out on his career of conquest.

Some scientists have estimated the age of the gateway at "over 1,000 years." Other experts state that the civilisation that built it was destroyed about 4,000 years ago. We don't really know.



THE GATEWAY STANDS NEAR THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE TITICACA IN BOLIVIA.

GATEWAY OF THE SUN

According to Spanish historians, when the Inca king conquered the people of Tiahuanaco, he asked the meaning of the designs on the door. But the meaning had long since been forgotten.

Recently Dr Leo Pucher, an Austrian-born archaeologist, has made a study of the designs and now thinks he knows what most of them mean.

The central figure is that of a ruler or god with tears

running down his face. One design appears to refer to a poisonous plant, the taruy. The present-day Indians boil it and then wash it to make it safe to eat. The plant is immune to insect damage, which helps to explain why it was regarded so highly.

The greatest mystery of the gateway's designs was unravelled after the archaeologist heard an old legend about an Indian couple who were childless. They were told by their god to search for a beautiful caterpillar, which would be their child. They found it and took it home. When it grew large it began to kill humans and the god destroyed it.

Dr Pucher began, then, to search for caterpillars.

One day his cook refused to buy beans from an Indian. When the scientist examined one, he found inside a caterpillar marked with seven triangles.

He then realised that the gateway bore a similar triangle design and, upon further examination, he was able to decipher many of the designs.

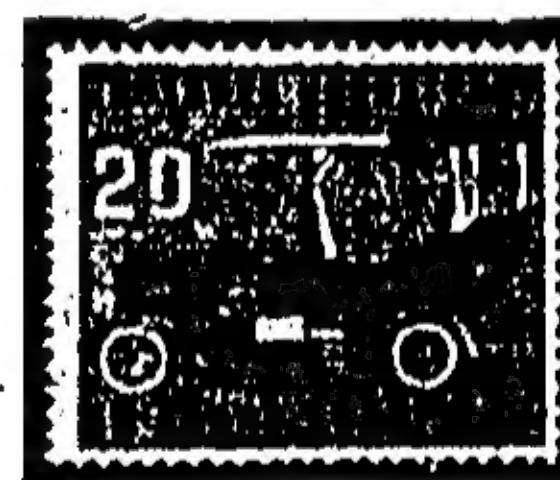
They tell of a caterpillar destroying crops. Then the caterpillar passes through the snags which transform it into a butterfly which is, in turn, eaten by a bird. Other figures on the door show a striking similarity to star formations in the Milky Way. This suggests that the unknown builders of Tiahuanaco were astronomy-conscious, even at that early time.

— R. S. Craggs

Stamp With Sentimental Theme

TIME was when the postman used to cover the longest of his rougher stretches on horseback. Then he graduated to a bone-shaker coach. And now, of course, there are motor cycles, streamlined buses, aeroplanes and helicopters to help him on his way.

Britain takes the march of postal progress calmly. No



special issues celebrate the fact that the postman's life is now a happy one.

But other nations are a little more sentimental in their philatelic thinking and here is East Germany issuing a stamp which shows one of the old bone-shaker cabs which used to speed deliveries in that part of the world.

Fifty years ago the mailbags and the passengers bumped and banged over the roads in this vehicle. The seats rose in tiers towards the back and the roof was supported by slim poles like the entrance to a fortune teller's tent at a vicar's garden party.

Still, whatever their other faults, the Germans are genuine sentimentalists where old things are concerned—whether they be guns, cars, song or Rhine wines. And certainly the German stamps of today bring an ever-changing variety of themes to the world's philatelic market.

The coach stamp is perforated 14 and costs 7d. in London. Very pleasant to browse over.

— J. A. A.

Punch's Favourite Toy

—It Was Too Big To Wear, So He Lived Under It—

By MAX TRELL

"YOU mustn't think," said Mr Punch, to Knarf and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "that I was always as big as I am now. When I was a baby, I was so small that my mother used to rock me to sleep in a thimble."

Hand said: "You certainly must have been small, Mr Punch. What did you eat?"

A Drop of Orange Juice

"Well," said Mr Punch, "my mother used to give me a drop of orange juice for breakfast, a baked kernel of corn and a barley seed for dinner. And for supper, she would give me a sandwich made of two breadcrumbs and a splinter of cheese."

"That wasn't very much," said Knarf. "Weren't you always hungry?"

"Well," said Mr Punch, "if I was hungry, I could always get an in-between-snack of drops from the milk-bottle."

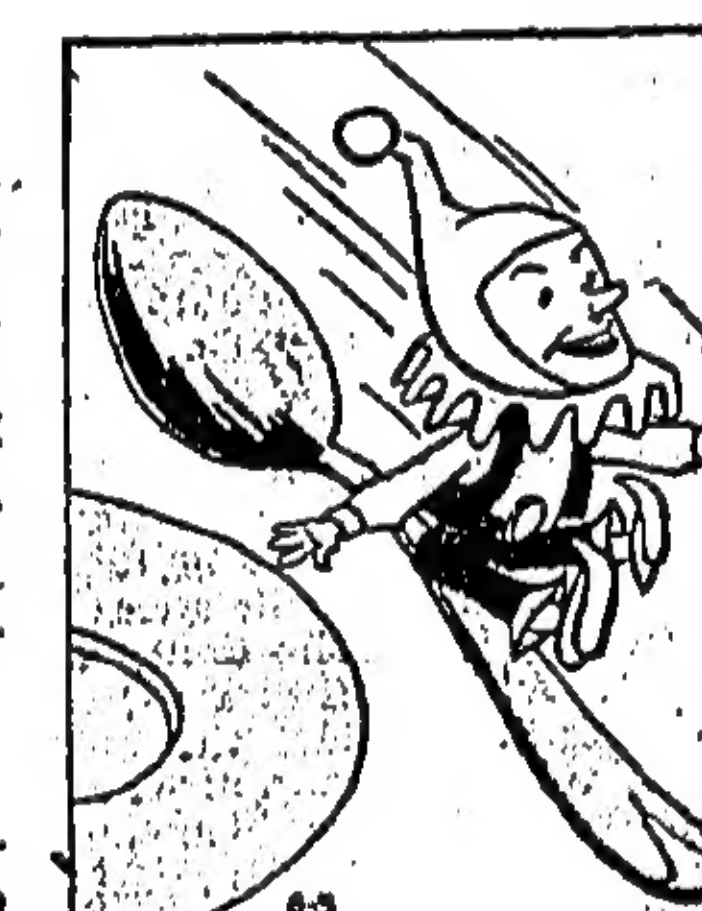
Knarf and Hand thought about all this for several minutes. Then Hand said: "But when did you find to play with? Weren't all your playmates much bigger than you were, Mr Punch?"

Plenty of Friends

Mr Punch shook his head. "No," he said, "I found plenty of friends my own size. For instance, there was Mike the Mosquito. He used to let me ride on his back. Then there was Sam Beetle. I'm lived under a rock at the bottom of the garden. He often took me home with him. But lots of times I played all by myself."

"Doing what?" asked Knarf.

Mr Punch smiled to himself as he let himself remember



"I often slid down the handle of a spoon," said Punch.

some of the many happy hours he had enjoyed when he was small. "One day, my mother gave me a spoon of thread. You can't imagine the fun I had."

"What did you do with that spoon of thread?" asked Hand. "I remember rolling it from one side of the room to the other just as that little wisp of yarn on wheels," Mr Punch replied.

"Then I took some of the thread and made a jumping rope. I made myself a little kite out of a used postage stamp, which I folded in the form of a triangle. Then I used my thread to tie and flew the postage-stamp-kite high in the air!"

"How high did that kite fly, Mr Punch?" Knarf wanted to know.

Mr Punch answered, "It flew as high as the tops of the dandelions. I found lots and lots of things to use in my games. I made a pen-shooter out of a hollow straw and blew mustard seeds through it. My father gave me the rubber at the end of a pencil. Do you know what I did with that?"

Like A Rubber Ball

Knarf and Hand asked Mr Punch to tell them what he did with the little rubber at the end of the pencil.

"I bounced it like a rubber ball," said Mr Punch. "I used to go leap-frogging over the pine in the pin-cushion. I often slid down the handle of a spoon. I went swimming in a saucer and I made a drum out of a hollow corn. But my best 'toy' of all was a red fireman's hat."

"But, Mr Punch," cried Hand, "that was much too big for you to wear."

"Weren't I didn't wear it. I lived under it like a tent. But all that happened long, long ago. My father, I'm too big for any of that kind of 'little fun' nowadays."

What Becomes Of Aged Birds?

WHY do we seldom see old and feeble birds? The storks have long enjoyed the reputation of caring for their aged. But actually, among adult birds the law seems to be the survival of the fittest. Here is a true incident.

A neighbour's house has a large plate-glass window, against which birds frequently fly. A male robin recently dashed into this window with a force that seemed sufficient to break every bone in its body.

In a jiffy, a kind-hearted member of the family had the bird in hand for resuscitation. Cold water was thrown on its head, a drop or two on its tongue, and even the ammonia bottle was placed at its nostrils.

After a while the robin revived, but it was so stunned that for a few days again.



It hopped about the yard in a dazed condition, taking only a short flight to low branches now and then. It preferred to remain upon the ground. So docile was the bird that when it wandered out of sight it could be called back stunned that for a few days again.

The strange part of the incident was that the other robins treated the dazed bird without mercy. They pounced upon it, knocked it over, pecked at it and all but killed it. Both male and female birds attacked it.

The evident intention of the robins of the neighbourhood was to destroy this sick bird, and cause its conduct had become abnormal.

Is this one reason why we so seldom see feeble birds? And is it a reason why birds keep their descendants so true to type?

The crows are known to pursue and drive out of the field an albino. They have been known also to pounce upon a tame crow and drive him to shelter in some building.

Observe whether birds with peculiarities fight with others more often than those with the usual colours and manners. Watch, too, to see whether the other birds "gang up" on them. Also study the females' behaviour towards misfits.

READ THIS BEFORE YOU SAY 'FISHING'S NOT FOR GIRLS!'

BOYS usually think of fishing as a rugged, he-man sport, and one too masculine for girls.

It is not so, girls. Next time the boys go fishing and want to leave you at home, toss this bombshell at them. Tell them about Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of a convent in England. In 1400 she published the first book in English on fly fishing, the type of angling that requires more skill and is more sporting, than any other means of catching the finny tribe.

If that doesn't deflate the biggest male ego and bring an invitation for you to accompany

them on their next trip, give them another barrel for this Dame Berners was quite a girl. In addition to her book on fly fishing, she also wrote small books on hunting and hawking.

What Sir Isaac Walton, famous authority on fishing, wrote his great book "The Compleat Angler," he drew on data from Dame Berners' book for his own.

So no matter what the boys say about fishing and girls not mixing, it just isn't so. For it was a woman—and a nun, to boot—who paved the way for fishing as the boys enjoy it today.

—Jim Cortese

ZOO'S WHO



PIZZARRO, IN 1534, LOOTED THE INCA SILVER MINES, AND ABOUT THE SAME TIME JACQUES CARTIER FOUND THE BEAVER IN ST. LAWRENCE REGION OF NORTH AMERICA. THE FUR OF THIS ANIMAL WAS THE GREATEST SOURCE OF IMMEDIATE WEALTH THE NEW WORLD AFFORDED.

Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure—6



Before Rupert can ask many more questions, the Professor leaves the shop and takes him to another doorway. This is a cottage. He has taken for the summer. He says, and leads the little boat, guided.

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Page 20

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1955.



JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

PAST MASTER

IN the village of stately homelets that Mayfair becomes in the evenings, two detectives watched Matthew as he tinkered with the doorhandles of parked cars. When they had watched for half-an-hour, they moved in on their man.

Next morning at Bow Street, Matthew, a stout man of 52, with a giant of mischief in eyes that peeped from deep pouches, was charged with being a suspected person loitering with intent to steal from the cars he had lingered.

"Pah," he said, "not guilty, I was pub-crawling."

Sir Laurence Lumsden, the chief magistrate, called for the evidence and the detectives, in turn, told their story.

IN A CHIMNEY

"WE actually arrested this man in the chimney of a bombed building," said the detective-sergeant.

"Chimney, was that a chimney?" Matthew asked, sounding shocked.

"I should explain, sir," the detective-sergeant said, "that this chimney is a large open one, in the basement of a bombed house."

"Well, if that was a chimney, I'll...," Matthew began, then thought better of elaborating.

"Now it's your turn," Sir Laurence said to him. "Do you want to give your evidence on oath?"

Certainly," said Matthew.

PASTRY PORTER

"WHERE do you live?" asked the clerk of the court, when Matthew had negotiated woe of the oath on the card set before him.

Matthew rattled off a grand-sounding address in Chelsea.

"What's your address in Chelsea?" the learned clerk asked.

"Anywhere I can find a bed," Matthew answered.

"What is your occupation?"

"I'm a pastry porter at the...," Matthew said, and named a dignified Pall Mall club. "I'm learning the pastry trade, see."

"Well, I'm like a schoolboy over you," Matthew said. "I was a chauffeur in private service for 30 years, driving...," and he named a most dignified make of car.

REFEREES

"AS a matter of fact," he went on, "I came up to London just to collect a reference of two from Lord So-and-So, and Sir Felix. This, and Sir Felix That."

"How long have you been in London?" asked the chief magistrate.

"Ten years about," Matthew said.

"How long have you been in your job at the club?"

"About seven weeks," Matthew answered. "Ever since my last motor accident. Course I've had 10 or 15 motor accidents in the North of England. That's why I'm so interested in cars."

PLENTY OF TIME?

SIR LAURENCE thought Matthew's defence over for a moment or two. Then: "When did you know these gentlemen who you thought would give you a reference?" he asked.

"Up to September 3, 1939," Matthew answered.

"You seem to have had plenty of time to interview them?"

"Ah, yes, but we've been having trouble with the chef, in the kitchen, at the club," Matthew answered. A new thought struck him. "Had a driving licence 30 years," he said.

"I find this case proved," said Sir Laurence. "Anything known?"

There were four previous convictions against Matthew. "You must go to prison for three months," Sir Laurence said to him.

"Oh, well," Matthew said, philosophically, and he took Sir Laurence with a long stare, as if he wanted to memorise his distinguished features. You never know who might be useful. Perhaps one day he might add the chief magistrate to his long list of eminent referees.

SAARLANDERS URGED TO KEEP CALM PLEBISCITE TO DECIDE

Frontiers Closed During Voting

Saarbruecken, Oct. 21.
M. Fernand Dehousse, Belgian Chairman of the European Saar Commission, today appealed to Saarlanders for perfect calm during and after Sunday's plebiscite on how they shall be ruled.

He told a press conference here that the Council of Ministers of the West European Union who will decide whether 660,000 Saar voters have accepted or rejected the European statute, will take into consideration his Commission's report as well as the plebiscite figures.

This morning the Christian Democratic Union, one of the three Saar parties which reject the statute, announced in an open letter to the WEU ministers that it would take no blame for anything that happened in the Saar should the statute be rejected and the Saar Government of Johannes Hoffmann refuse to resign.

"Nothing helps less than threats," M. Dehousse said tonight.

Determined
"The Commission is determined to take its responsibilities more seriously and will exercise them in case of need."

Observers were today inclined to think the voters would throw out the statute.

Herr Hoffmann has said he will not resign if they do.

M. Dehousse announced that the Saar frontier would be "loosely" closed from midnight tomorrow (Saturday) until 0900 local time (0800 GMT) on Monday.

During this time officials, journalists, voters and inhabitants of the frontier areas working across the border might enter the Saar. But from 1800 local time till midnight on Sunday evening, during which time the voters would be counted in the Saar, the frontier would be "hermetically sealed."

This was agreed between the authorities of the Saar, France, Luxembourg and West Germany.

The first of 1,005 neutral observers began to arrive in the Saar territory this evening by bus, train and plane from Italy, Britain and Benelux countries.

M. Dehousse said that the decision to close the frontier was dictated purely by "a sense of precaution." It was not intended to give rise to any anxiety.

Persons wishing to contest the provisional result, would have seven days to do so and the Commission will judge such complaints.

By the end of the following week, November 7, the Commission must make its report to the Council of Ministers in London. The ministers have indicated that they will be ready to consider it as soon as the Geneva foreign ministers' conference is finished.

Considerations
M. Dehousse said repeatedly that "other considerations" besides the mere figures would influence the result, including interference from without, freedom of assembly for the parties and liberty of the press.

The anti-statute parties, led by Dr Heinrich Schneider, the head of the Saar Democratic Party, prepared for a final bout of meetings tonight and tomorrow.

Dr Schneider has drawn the biggest crowd of the campaign, a former brown-shirt stormtrooper, he broke with the Nazis in 1937. He has a standardised technique of dramatic entries to the rousing tones of Prussian military music.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION
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